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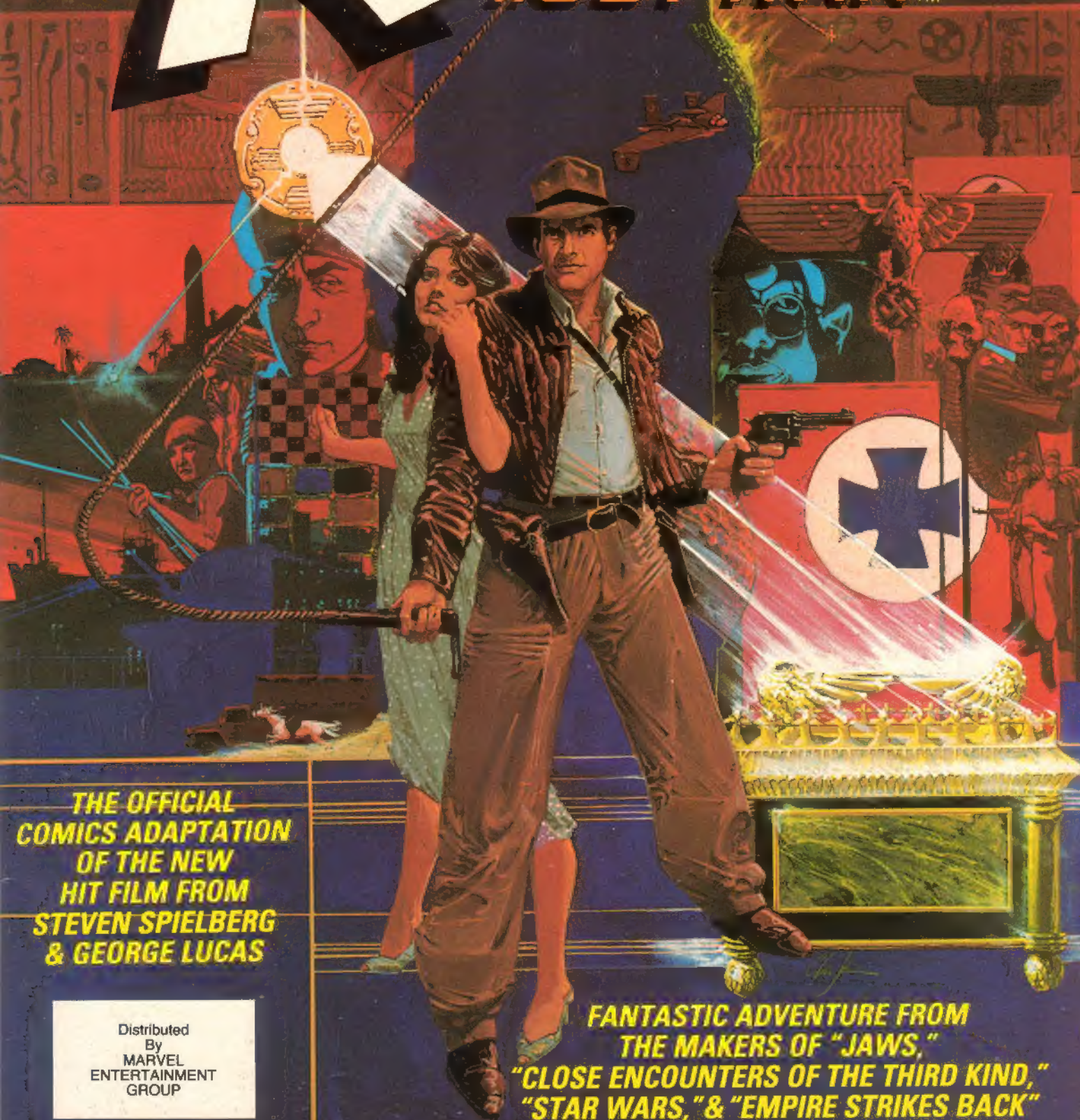
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RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™



**THE OFFICIAL
COMICS ADAPTATION
OF THE NEW
HIT FILM FROM
STEVEN SPIELBERG
& GEORGE LUCAS**

Distributed
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**FANTASTIC ADVENTURE FROM
THE MAKERS OF "JAWS,"
"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND,"
"STAR WARS," & "EMPIRE STRIKES BACK"**



STAN LEE PRESENTS
A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL MAGAZINE

THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF

RAIDERS

of the

LOST ARK™

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A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™

PERU, 1936--A

GROUP OF MEN MOVES CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE DENSE, SOUTH AMERICAN RAIN FOREST.

FIVE OF THEM ARE QUECHUA INDIANS ACTING AS PORTERS. TWO ARE SPANISH PERUVIANS WHO SPEAK QUECHUA. THE ONE WITH THE WHIP IS THE LEADER.

THEY TRAVEL ACROSS A PERILOUS REGION OF MOUNTAINS KNOWN AS "THE EYEBROW OF THE JUNGLE," IN SEARCH OF TREASURE BEYOND PRICE.

THEY HAVE COME TOO FAR TO TURN BACK.



THEY FOLLOW THIS MAN-- INDIANA JONES, AN AMERICAN ADVENTURER, A TREASURE HUNTER, A SCHOLAR, AND MUCH MORE.

ONLY HIS IRON WILL HAS BROUGHT THEM THIS FAR...

... BUT EVEN ITS POWER HAS LIMITS.

WHAT IS IT, BARRANCA?

THE INDIANS, SATIPO. BLAST THEM! THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE CURSE AGAIN!

«BE SILENT, YOU FOOLS!»

BUT THE FEARFUL BABBLE OF THE QUECHUA SUDDENLY INCREASES AS...

WE'VE FOUND IT!

THE TEMPLE OF THE CHACHAPOYAN WARRIORS!

NOW WE'LL PUT THIS SO-CALLED CURSE TO A REAL TEST.

... WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THE INDIANS ARE AFRAID OF.

THREE OF THEM SUDDENLY DECIDE TO LINGER NO MORE IN THE HAUNTED LANDS; THEIR SHRIEKS OF FEAR ARE QUICKLY SWALLOWED UP IN THE ENVELOPING JUNGLE.

HOLD IT.



WE DON'T NEED THEM.

SO YOU SAY, SENOR! I DO NOT CARRY SUPPLIES!

NO PROBLEM. ONCE WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR, WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH THE PLANE BY DUSK.



NOW FAN OUT AND STAY ALERT! THE HOVITOS...



...ARE HERE!

AND THE POISON IS STILL FRESH! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US, I TELL YOU!

IF THEY KNEW WE WERE HERE, THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED US ALREADY.

BUT THE TWO REMAINING QUECHUAS DRAW THEIR OWN CONCLUSIONS FROM THE TINY DART...



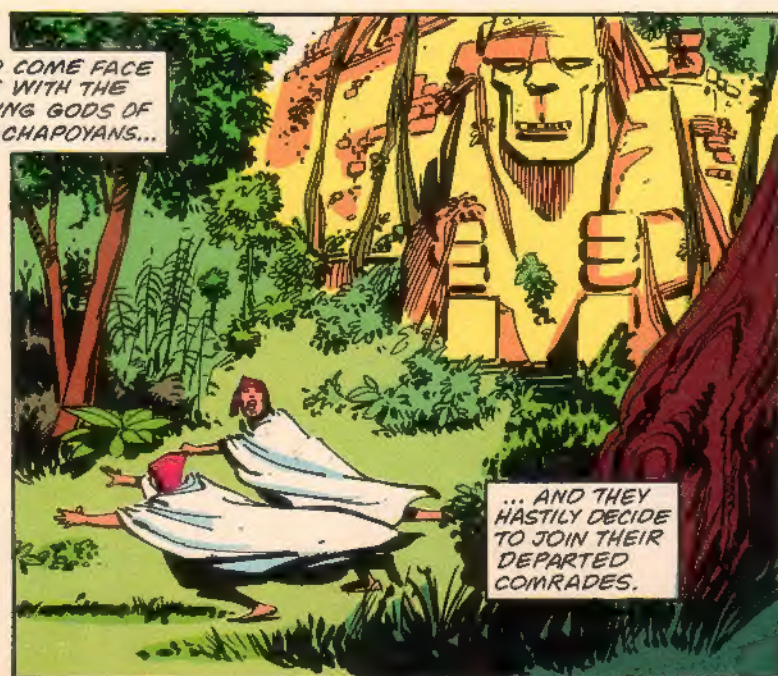
«HEY, YOU CARRION! BRING UP THOSE SUPPLIES PRONTO!»

... AND THE ANGRY CURSES OF BARRANCA SCARCELY REASSURE THEM.



RELUCTANTLY, THEY BEGIN TO MOVE FORWARD...

... ONLY TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE TERRIFYING GODS OF THE CHACHAPOYANS...



... AND THEY HASTILY DECIDE TO JOIN THEIR DEPARTED COMRADES.

THEY ARE NOT MISSED.

SO THIS
IS WHERE
FORRESTAL
CASHED IN
HIS CHIPS.

A
FRIEND
OF
YOURS?

COMPETITOR.
HE WAS GOOD.
VERY GOOD.

NO ONE HAS EVER
COME OUT OF THERE
ALIVE. WHY SHOULD
WE PUT OUR FAITH
IN YOU?

NO ONE EVER
HAD WHAT WE HAVE,
DID THEY NOW...
PARTNERS?

AS WE AGREED,
HERE IS THE OTHER
HALF OF THE MAP.

YOU CAN
READ THE
FLOORPLAN?

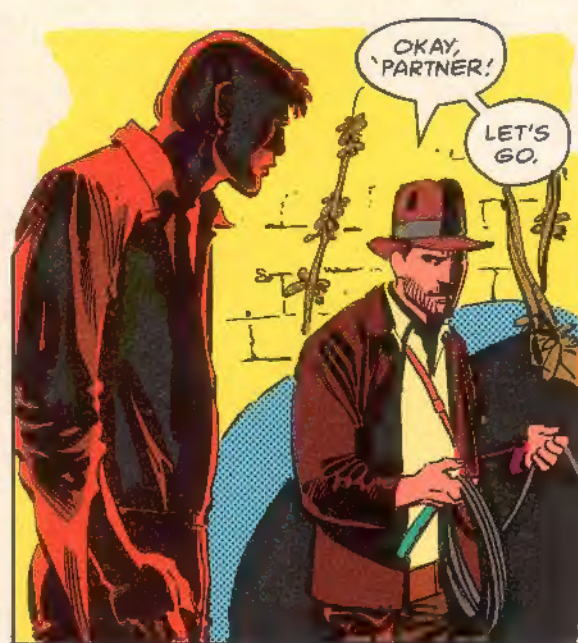
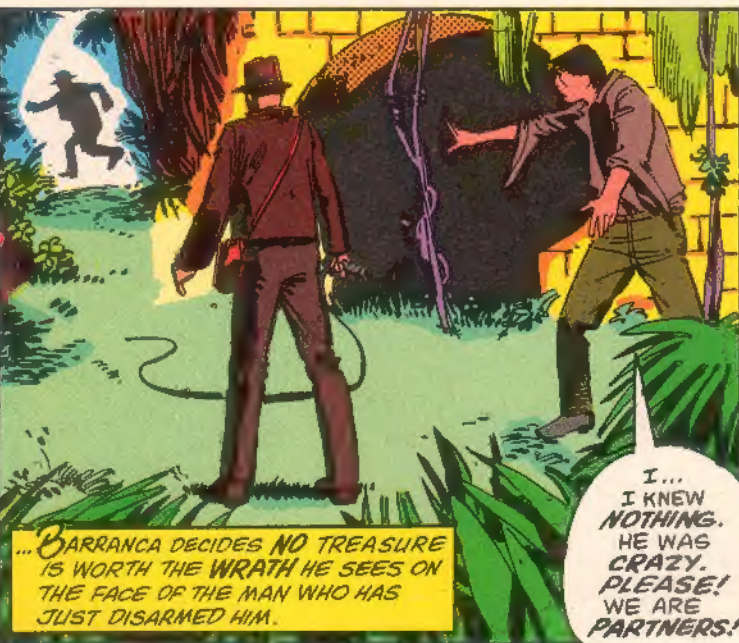
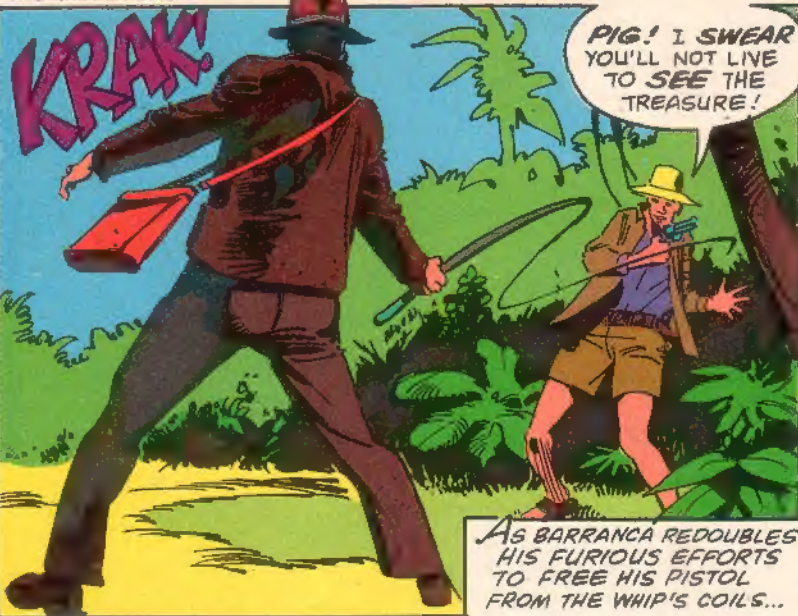
I SURE HOPE
SO. ASSUMING
THAT PILLAR
THERE MARKS
THE CORNER
AND...

FUNNY.
SATIPO LOOKS
LIKE HE'S JUST
SEEN A SNAKE.

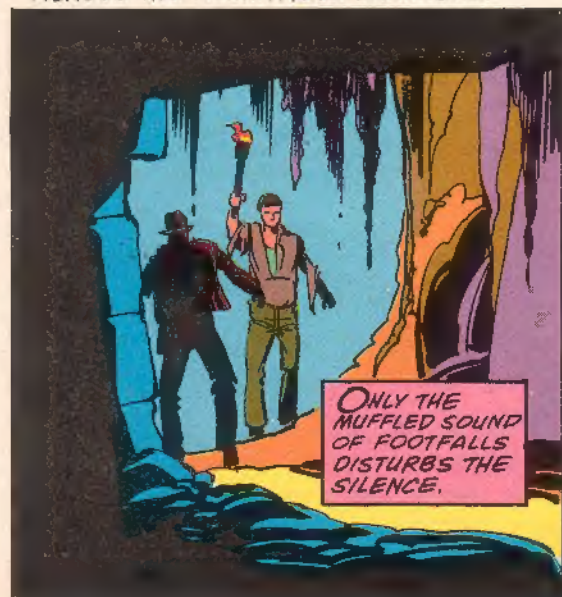
MAYBE
HE HAS.

THE WHIP IS A BLUR OF MOTION BEFORE BARRANCA CAN CLEAR HIS HOLSTER.

JINDY SWEEPS THE WHIP IN AN ENCIRCLING ARC. AND SUDDENLY...



THE AIR IS STALE AS THE TWO MEN ENTER THE ANCIENT SHRINE. THE TORCH BARELY PIERCES THE ILLIMITABLE DARKNESS.



AS THEY BEGIN TO PASS ARTIFACTS LODGED IN THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE, INDY CULLS THEM EXPERTLY, SELECTING SOME, REJECTING OTHERS.



...WE DON'T WANT TO BE DISCOURAGED BY EVERY LITTLE THING.



JUST STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT...

...AND CONCENTRATE ON ALL THAT WEALTH.



SEÑOR, I THINK WE ARE NOW VERY CLOSE!



LET US *HURRY!* THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR HERE.



THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME.

ABRUPTLY...

MIND THE STEP!



UHHH...!

CUTE. A BOTTOMLESS PIT CONCEALED BY DUST-COVERED COBWEBS.



TOO WIDE TO JUMP..

...BUT HARDLY IMPASSABLE.



TOSS ME THE
TORCH WHEN
I'M OVER,
SATIOPO.

SECONDS LATER.

I THINK WE
CAN USE ONE
MORE OF
THESE.

AND THIS TIME,
STAY BEHIND
ME.

THERE'S
PLENTY
OF LIGHT,
AMIGO.

MAYBE
BUT
THERE'S
A LOT
TO SEE.

AND THE GLINT AT THE FAR
END OF THE SANCTUARY,
STILL BRIGHT THROUGH THE
DUST OF CENTURIES, TELLS
SATIOPO THAT INDY IS RIGHT

THE TEMPLES
HEART WE'VE
FOUND IT.



WHY WHY DO YOU WASTE TIME TAPPING THE FLOOR? THE GOLDEN IDOL IS OURS FOR THE TAKING.

PATIENCE PARTNER. IT'S WHAT YOU DON'T SEE THAT CAN KILL YOU.

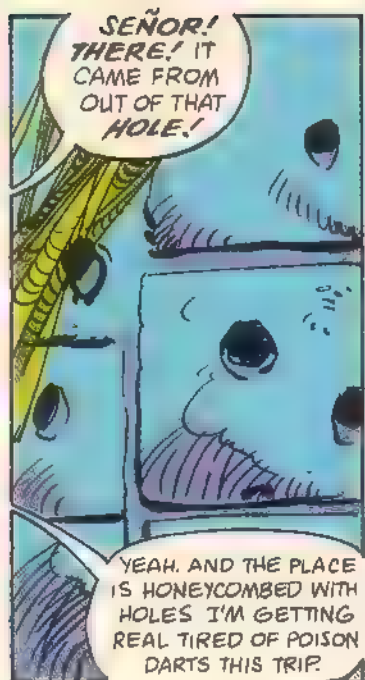
LIGHT TILES ARE OKAY, LET'S TRY DARK.

TAP TAP TAP



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE CHAMBER'S DEPTHS...

WHIZZ! THP



SEÑOR! THERE! IT CAME FROM OUT OF THAT HOLE!

YEAH. AND THE PLACE IS HONEYCOMBED WITH HOLES I'M GETTING REAL TIRED OF POISON DARTS THIS TRIP.

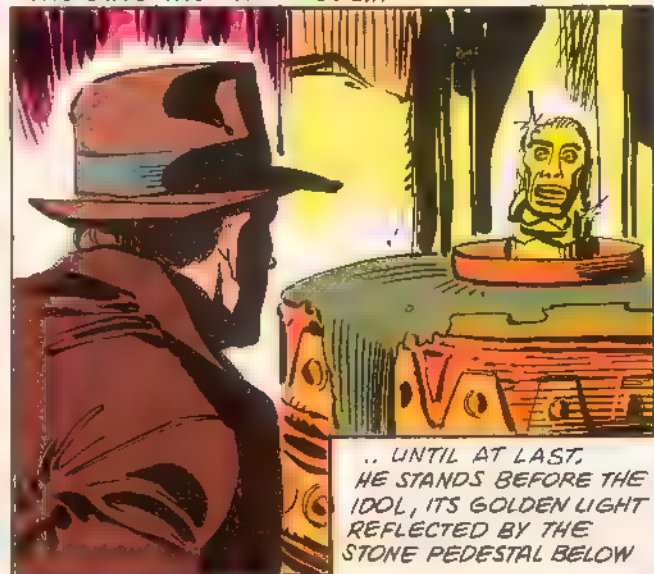


YOU WAIT HERE

IF YOU INSIST

DON'T WORRY, SATIPO. IF I CHECK OUT, YOU CAN ALWAYS COLLECT MY INSURANCE.

HIS MOVEMENTS GRACEFUL AND WITHOUT HASTE, INDY GLIDES ACROSS THE SANCTUARY, ALWAYS AVOIDING THE DARK TILES...



.. UNTIL AT LAST, HE STANDS BEFORE THE IDOL, ITS GOLDEN LIGHT REFLECTED BY THE STONE PEDESTAL BELOW

BUT INSTEAD OF REMOVING THE IDOL, INDY TAKES A SMALL CANVAS BAG FROM HIS JACKET AND BEGINS TO FILL IT WITH DIRT.



THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH. I HOPE I'VE GOT THE WEIGHT RIGHT.

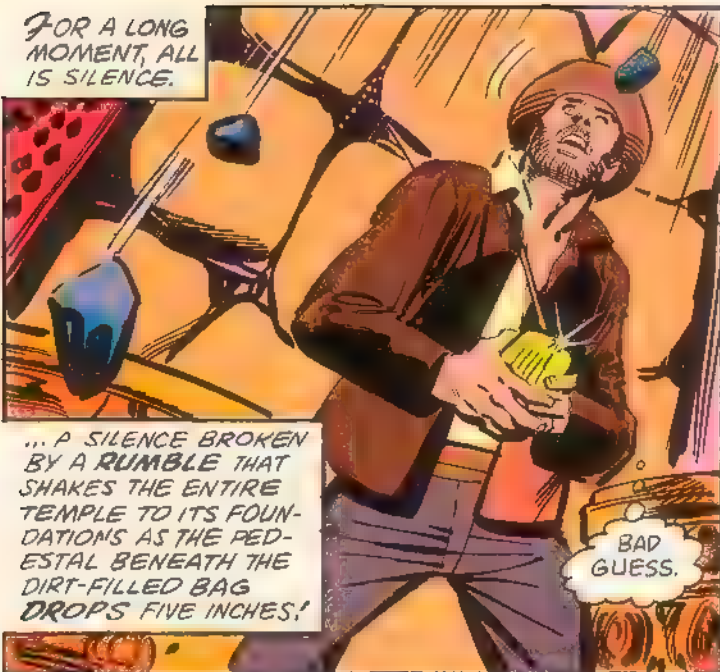


GOTTA STAY LOOSE... RELAXED...

READY.. SET.. GO!

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, THE IDOL RESTS IN INDY'S HAND, THE BAG OF DIRT ON THE POLISHED STONE BEFORE HIM.

FOR A LONG
MOMENT, ALL
IS SILENCE.



... A SILENCE BROKEN
BY A RUMBLE THAT
SHAKES THE ENTIRE
TEMPLE TO ITS FOUN-
DATIONS AS THE PED-
ESTAL BENEATH THE
DIRT-FILLED BAG
DROPS FIVE INCHES!

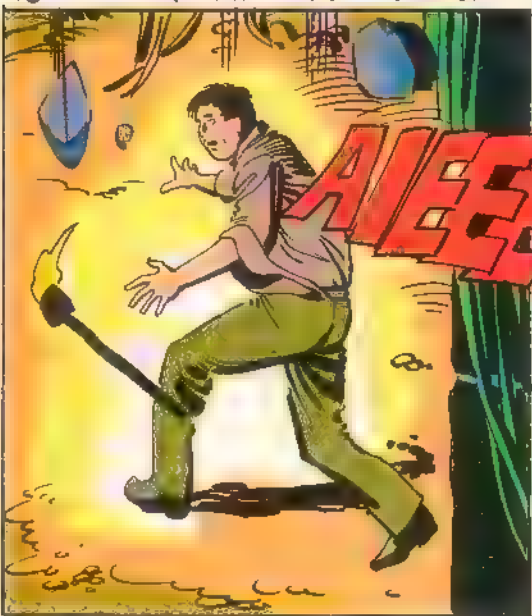
BAD
GUESS.

ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHT, INDY IS ACROSS
THE ROOM STILL AVOIDING THE DEADLY DARK TILES.



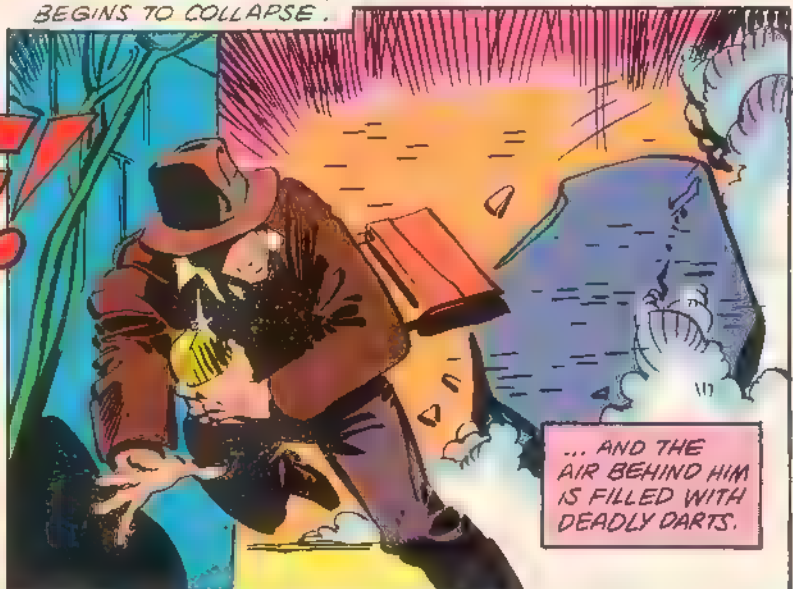
GET
OUT
OF HERE,
SATIPO!

BUT THE PERUVIAN NEEDS NO SUCH URGING.



ALICE!

HE HAS ALREADY FLED BY THE TIME INDY HURLS HIMSELF
OUT OF THE SANCTUARY, JUST AS THE CEILING OF THE ROOM
BEGINS TO COLLAPSE.



... AND THE
AIR BEHIND HIM
IS FILLED WITH
DEADLY DARTS.

SATIPO, HOWEVER IS NOT FAR AHEAD...



.. JUST FAR
ENOUGH.



NO TIME
TO ARGUE!
THROW ME
THE IDOL!
I THROW
YOU THE
WHIP!

UH-OH



YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE!
HURRY!

HE REALLY HAS NO CHOICE.

AND INDY KNOWS THAT SATIPO HAS A POINT.

... NO CHOICE AT ALL!

ADIOS, AMIGO.

MOVING BACK TO GIVE HIMSELF A START, INDY TURNS..

... THEN RUNS TOWARD THE EDGE, FLINGING HIMSELF ACROSS THE GAPING CHASM BELOW!

HE STILL HASN'T

... THAT THE PIT IS TOO WIDE TO JUMP

THE FACT THAT HE WAS RIGHT IS COLD COMFORT.

I'M SLIPPING!
IF I DON'T FIND A FINGERHOLD FAST, !

ALL THE TIME HEARING THE ECHO OF HIS EARLIER REMARK...

GOT ONE! WHEN I CATCH SATIPO, HE'S GONNA REGRET HE EVER--

YAAARRGGH!

HOLY

THAT CAME FROM THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT WHERE WE FOUND FORRESTAL.

EASY NOW. GOT TO STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT BEAM.

LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD GUYS WIN AFTER ALL, EH, SATIPO?

ADIOS PARTNER

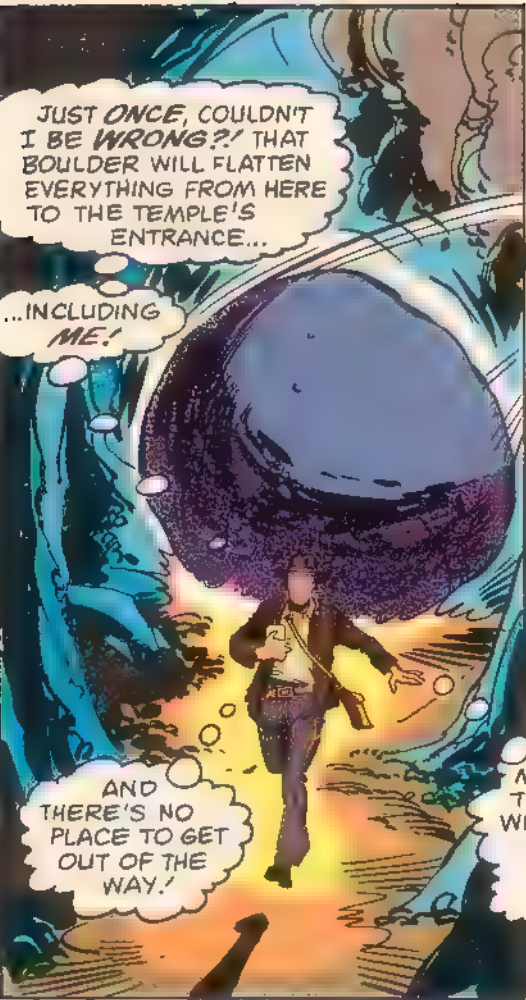
THE TEMPLE'S STILL SHAKING, AND THE NOISE IS GETTING LOUDER.

SOMETHING TELLS ME THE DIRTY TRICKS AREN'T OVER YET.

BOOMBLAMBOOM!

AND HERE COMES THE NEXT ONE! SOUNDS LIKE THE SHAKING OF THE TEMPLE RELEASED SOMETHING... SOMETHING BIG!

MOVE IT, INDY! MOVE IT!



JUST *ONCE*, COULDN'T I BE *WRONG*?! THAT BOULDER WILL FLATTEN EVERYTHING FROM HERE TO THE TEMPLE'S ENTRANCE...

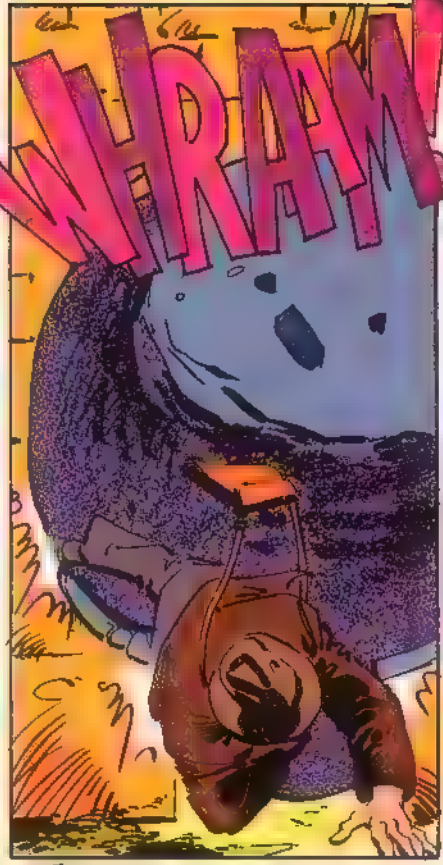
...INCLUDING ME!

AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

MAYBE THE IDOL WILL STAY HERE AFTER ALL...



BUT MAYBE NOT!



THE HUGE STONE SMASHES INTO THE TEMPLE'S ENTRANCE, SEALING IT FOREVER... WITH INDY ON THE OUTSIDE, WINDED BUT SAFE...



... MOMENTARILY

BONJOUR, DR. JONES.



YOU CHOOSE THE WRONG FRIENDS. THIS TIME, IT WILL *COST* YOU.

BELLOQ... NATURALLY! WITH THE HOVITOS!



AND YOU THOUGHT I HAD GIVEN UP.

AGAIN WE SEE, THERE IS *NOTHING* YOU CAN POSSESS WHICH I CANNOT TAKE AWAY.

YEAH, BUT DON'T YOU EVER MISS THE THRILL OF DISCOVERY, BELLOQ?

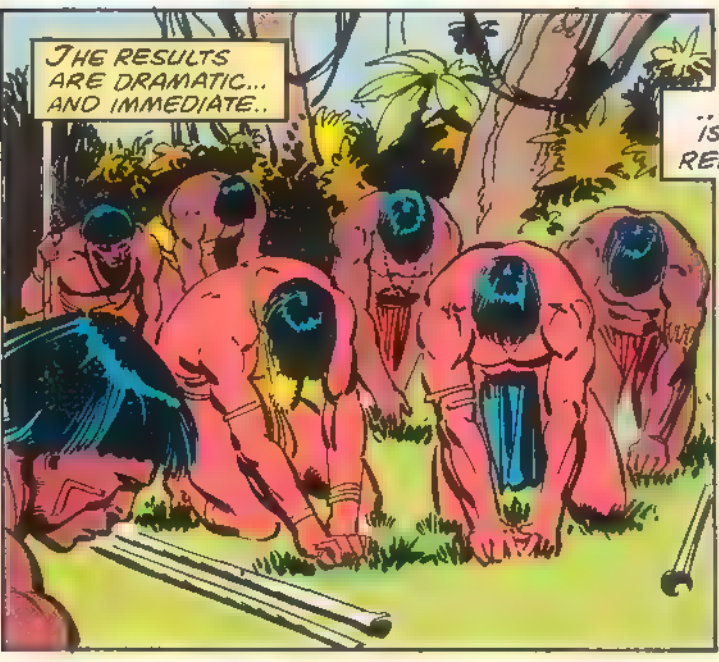
ENOUGH! THE HOVITOS WILL LEAVE YOU FOR THE SNAKES INSTEAD OF GRANTING YOU A CLEAN DEATH, IF I WISH IT.

YOU SEE I KNOW EVEN YOUR SECRET FEAR.

TOO BAD YOUR FRIENDS DON'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.

YES, TOO BAD, YOU COULD WARN THEM, IF ONLY YOU SPOKE HOVITOS.

WITH THAT, BELLOQ TURNS TO THE INDIANS, RAISES THE IDOL BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES, AND SPEAKS IN THEIR TONGUE.



THE RESULTS ARE DRAMATIC... AND IMMEDIATE...

... AS IS INDY'S REACTION!



LIKE THEY SAY, BELLOQ, HE WHO TURNS AND RUNS AWAY...



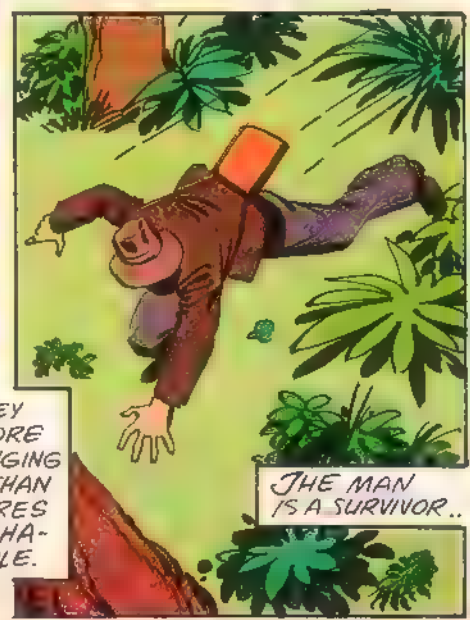
GETS SHOT IN THE BACK?

«KILL HIM!»

THE POISON OF THE HOVITOS' DARTS IS FRESH AND DEADLY, THE WARRIORS MARKSMEN OF RENOWN...



... BUT THEY HAVE NO MORE SUCCESS BRINGING INDY DOWN THAN DID THE SNARES OF THE CHACHA-POYAN TEMPLE.



THE MAN IS A SURVIVOR..

... AS HIS PRESENCE SOME DAYS LATER IN HIS CLASSROOM AT A STATESIDE UNIVERSITY DEMONSTRATES.

... BUT I HAD IT, MARCUS. AND I'LL GET IT, AGAIN. MARRAKESH IS THE ONLY PLACE BELLOQ CAN SELL THE IDOL

ALL I'M ASKING IS THE PRICE OF A TICKET THERE AND BACK.

IT'LL KEEP, OLD BOY. WE'VE SOME PEOPLE HERE TO SEE YOU.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE, AND INDY... I THINK IT'S BIG. REALLY BIG

WELL, IF IT'S THE DRAFT BOARD, I'VE ALREADY SERVED.

GOOD AFTERNOON, DR. JONES, I'M COLONEL MUSGROVE. THIS IS MAJOR EATON.

WE WON'T WASTE WORDS, SIR. WE'VE EXAMINED YOUR BACKGROUND. IMPRESSIVE. DOCTOR OF ARCHEOLOGY, EXPERT ON THE OCCULT, AND-- HOW DOES ONE SAY IT--?

AN OBTAINER OF RARE ANTIQUITIES?

THAT'S ONE WAY TO SAY IT.

A MAN OF MANY TALENTS.

YOU STUDIED UNDER DR. ABNER RAVENWOOD AT CHICAGO. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW?

SOMEWHERE IN ASIA, LAST I HEARD. WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE. IT... DIDN'T WORK OUT, I'M SORRY TO SAY.

I SEE.

YOU UNDERSTAND, DR. JONES, THIS IS ALL STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

NATURALLY.

WE NEED YOUR HELP.

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN SENDING ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS AROUND THE WORLD...

SEARCHING OUT ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, AND HITLER IS RESPONSIBLE!

HE'S OBSESSED WITH THE OCCULT!

YESTERDAY, WE INTERCEPTED A GERMAN COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN, APPARENTLY FROM AN ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG NEAR CAIRO.

WE DON'T KNOW WHY.

WE KNOW IT'S IMPORTANT.

WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.

IT SAYS SIMPLY, "TANIS DEVELOPMENT PROCEEDING. ACQUIRE HEADPIECE STAFF OF RA, ABNER RAVENWOOD, U.S.A."



TANIS! MARCUS, THE NAZIS HAVE FOUND TANIS!

IS IT POSSIBLE?

THEY HAVE GOT THE EXPERTS, AND THE FINANCIAL BACKING.

BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

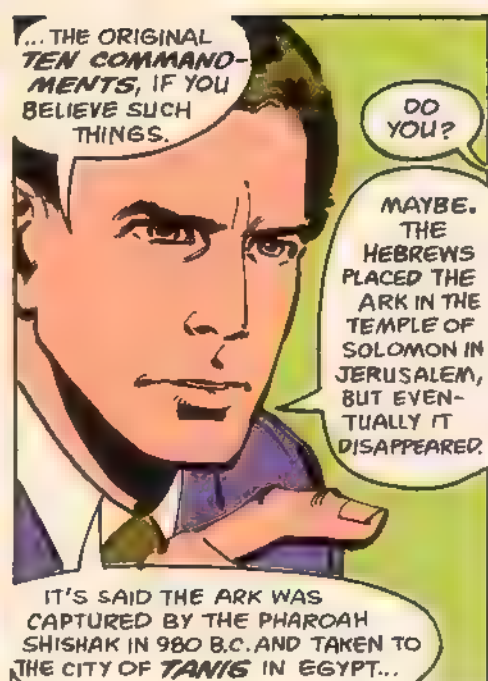


IT MEANS THE NAZIS MAY BE ABOUT TO LOCATE THE LOST ARK.

THE WHAT?

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT...

...THE CHEST CONTAINING THE FRAGMENTS OF THE STONE TABLETS OF MOSES...

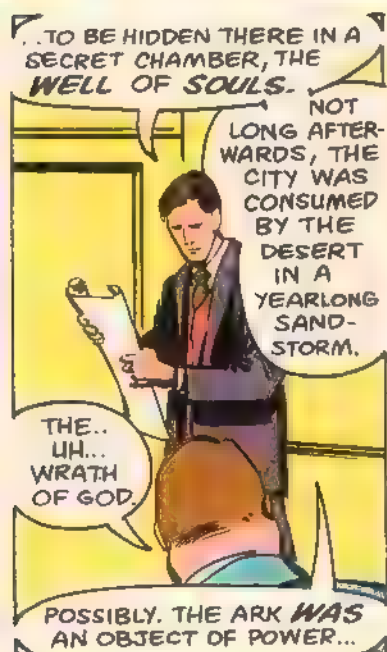


...THE ORIGINAL TEN COMMANDMENTS, IF YOU BELIEVE SUCH THINGS.

DO YOU?

MAYBE. THE HEBREWS PLACED THE ARK IN THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON IN JERUSALEM, BUT EVENTUALLY IT DISAPPEARED.

IT'S SAID THE ARK WAS CAPTURED BY THE PHARAOH SHISHAK IN 980 B.C. AND TAKEN TO THE CITY OF TANIS IN EGYPT...

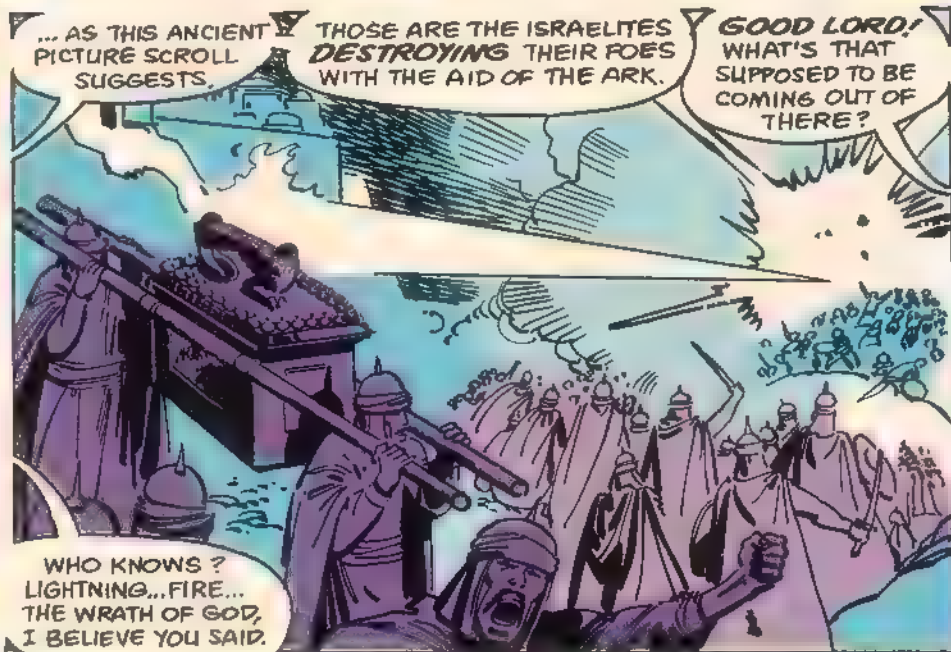


...TO BE HIDDEN THERE IN A SECRET CHAMBER, THE WELL OF SOULS.

NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, THE CITY WAS CONSUMED BY THE DESERT IN A YEARLONG SAND-STORM.

THE... UH... WRATH OF GOD.

POSSIBLY. THE ARK WAS AN OBJECT OF POWER...

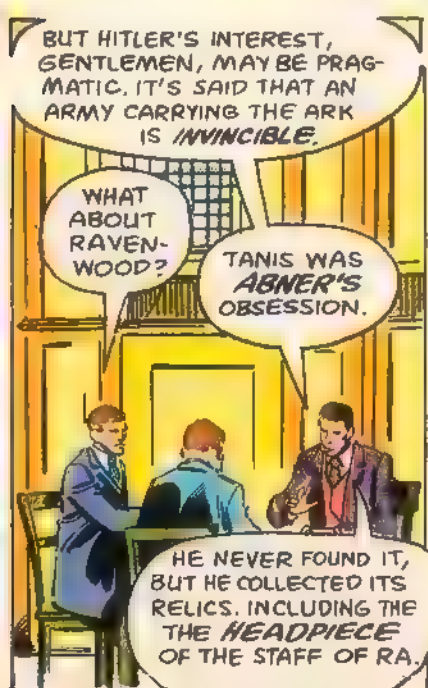


...AS THIS ANCIENT PICTURE SCROLL SUGGESTS.

THOSE ARE THE ISRAELITES DESTROYING THEIR FOES WITH THE AID OF THE ARK.

GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO BE COMING OUT OF THERE?

WHO KNOWS? LIGHTNING...FIRE... THE WRATH OF GOD, I BELIEVE YOU SAID.

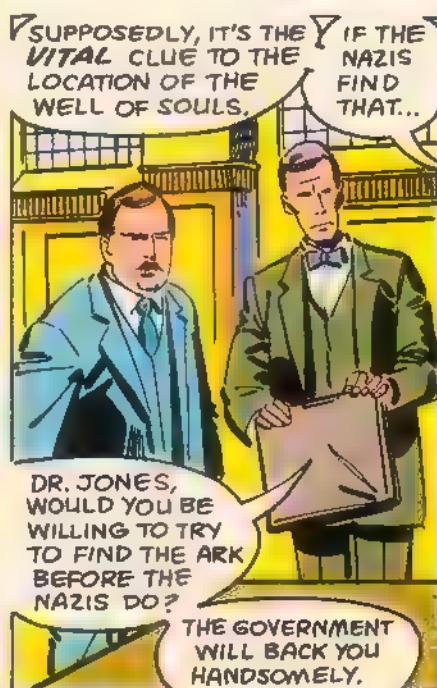


BUT HITLER'S INTEREST, GENTLEMEN, MAY BE PRAGMATIC. IT'S SAID THAT AN ARMY CARRYING THE ARK IS INVINCIBLE.

WHAT ABOUT RAVENWOOD?

TANIS WAS ABNER'S OBSESSION.

HE NEVER FOUND IT, BUT HE COLLECTED ITS RELICS, INCLUDING THE THE HEADPIECE OF THE STAFF OF RA.



SUPPOSEDLY, IT'S THE VITAL CLUE TO THE LOCATION OF THE WELL OF SOULS.

IF THE NAZIS FIND THAT...

DR. JONES, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO TRY TO FIND THE ARK BEFORE THE NAZIS DO?

THE GOVERNMENT WILL BACK YOU HANDSOMELY.



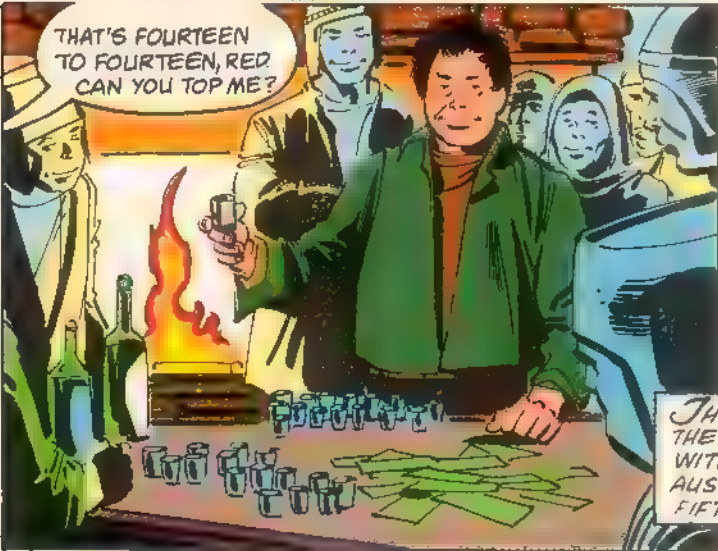
AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM GETS THE ARK ONCE IT'S FOUND?

OF COURSE.

INDY?

FOR A PRIZE LIKE THE ARK? I'LL BE PACKED IN AN HOUR.

SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE "RAVEN" SALOON IN PATAN, NEPAL, A DRINKING CONTEST NEARS ITS END UNDER THE EYES OF AS TOUGH A COLLECTION OF RIFFRAFF AS CAN BE FOUND IN THE HIMALAYAS.



THAT'S FOURTEEN TO FOURTEEN, RED. CAN YOU TOP ME?

THE BETTING IS FIERCE, THE COUNTER COVERED WITH MONEY, AS THE AUSTRALIAN DOWN HIS FIFTEENTH SHOT...

WATCH THIS.



...BUT HIS BACKERS ARE OUT OF LUCK.



NO STAMINA, EH, RED?



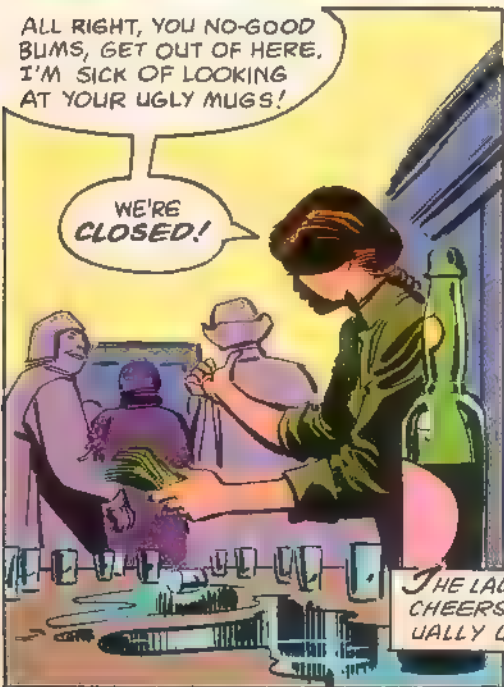
AND AS THE JOINT ROCKS WITH THE CHEERS OF THE WINNERS, MARION RAVENWOOD, THE SALOON'S SOLE PROPRIETOR...



...TOSSES DOWN HER FIFTEENTH SHOT AS THOUGH IT WERE HER FIRST!

ALL RIGHT, YOU NO-GOOD BUMS, GET OUT OF HERE. I'M SICK OF LOOKING AT YOUR UGLY MUGS!

WE'RE CLOSED!



THE LAUGHTER AND CHEERS FADE GRADUALLY UNTIL...

HEY! YOU DEAF?

I SAID OUT!



AND I MEAN NOW!

NOT NEXT EASTER!





HELLO,
MARION



INDY!
HERE?



KRAK!



IT'S NICE
TO SEE YOU,
TOO.

NOT FOR
LONG! GET
UP AND GET
OUT!

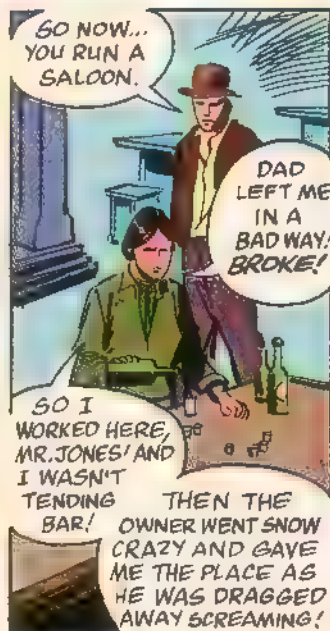
YOU'RE TWO
YEARS TOO
LATE.

NOW TAKE IT EASY!
I'M LOOKING FOR
YOUR FATHER!



OH,
NO.

OH, YES. AVALANCHE.
WHILE HE WAS DIGGING,
WE NEVER FOUND HIM.



SO NOW...
YOU RUN A
SALOON.

DAD
LEFT ME
IN A
BAD WAY!
BROKE!

SO I
WORKED HERE,
MR. JONES' AND
I WASN'T
TENDING
BAR!

THEN THE
OWNER WENT SNOW
CRAZY AND GAVE
ME THE PLACE AS
HE WAS DRAGGED
AWAY SCREAMING!



HIS
CURSE! IT
WORKED.
I'M STILL
HERE

I'VE LEARNED TO HATE
YOU IN THE LAST TEN YEARS,
INDY. BUT I KNEW, SOME-
DAY, YOU'D COME THROUGH
THAT DOOR

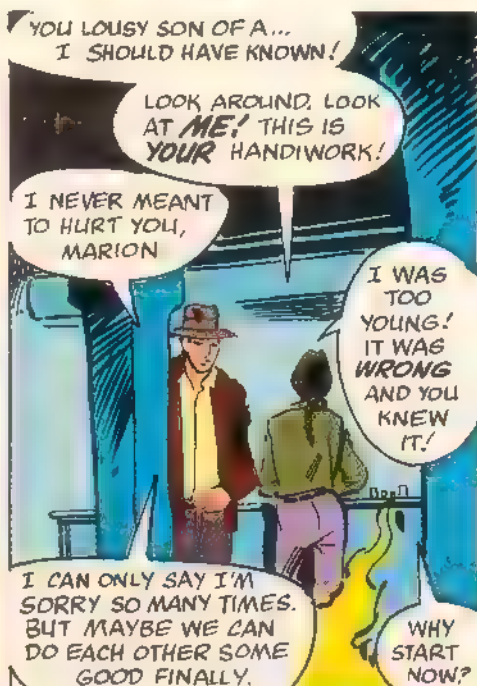
AND I
NEED TO
KNOW

WHY ARE YOU HERE...
NOW... TONIGHT?

THE ANSWER IS A LONG
TIME COMING



I... I NEED
ONE OF THE
PIECES YOUR
FATHER COL-
LECTED.



YOU LOUSY SON OF A...
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

LOOK AROUND. LOOK
AT ME! THIS IS
YOUR HANDIWORK!

I NEVER MEANT
TO HURT YOU,
MARION

I WAS
TOO
YOUNG!
IT WAS
WRONG
AND YOU
KNEW
IT!

I CAN ONLY SAY I'M
SORRY SO MANY TIMES.
BUT MAYBE WE CAN
DO EACH OTHER SOME
GOOD FINALLY.

WHY
START
NOW?



JUST LISTEN TO ME. I'M LOOKING FOR A BRONZE *DISC* YOUR FATHER COLLECTED, SHAPED LIKE THE SUN. HAS A LITTLE HOLE OFF-CENTER WITH A CRYSTAL IN IT.

THE HEAD-PIECE TO THE STAFF OF RA.

AND MARION, I'VE GOT **MONEY**.

YOU DON'T LOOK RICH. HOW MUCH?



ENOUGH TO GET YOU BACK TO THE STATES. WHERE ARE HIS THINGS?

GONE, INDY. I **SOLD** THAT JUNK HE'D WASTED HIS LIFE ON AFTER HE DIED.

RUINED HIM... AND ME!

BUT MAYBE YOU KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.

MAYBE. HOW IMPORTANT IS THAT DOODAD?



\$5,000.

I **AM** IMPRESSED, BUT I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT. I'M USED TO BARGAINING WITH YAKS.

YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TOMORROW.



I STILL DON'T KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU. YOU SAID YOU'D COME BACK LAST TIME

AND SO I HAVE.

YEAH. COME HERE.

BOSSY, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT. GIVE ME A KISS.



IT'S TIME I STARTED CALLING THE SHOTS IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.

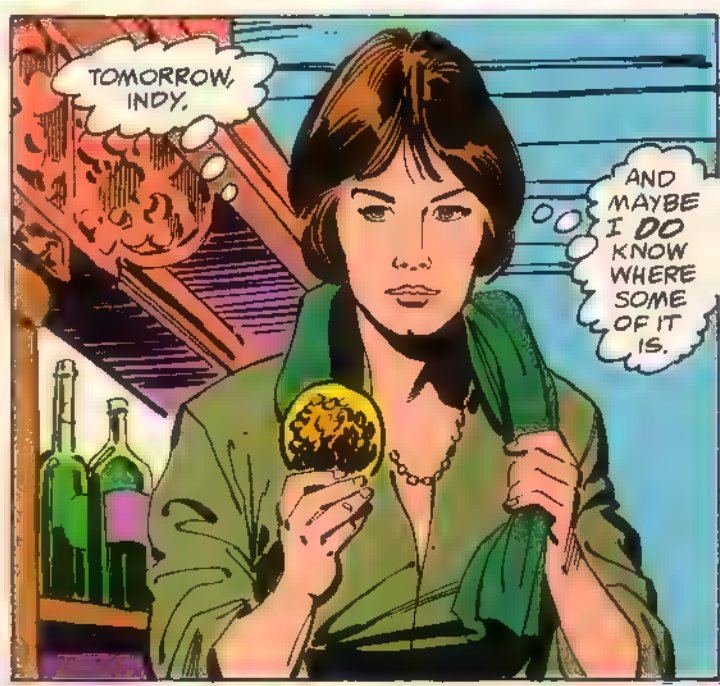
AND LEAVE THE MONEY HERE.



YOU'RE STILL A SNOW LEOPARD.

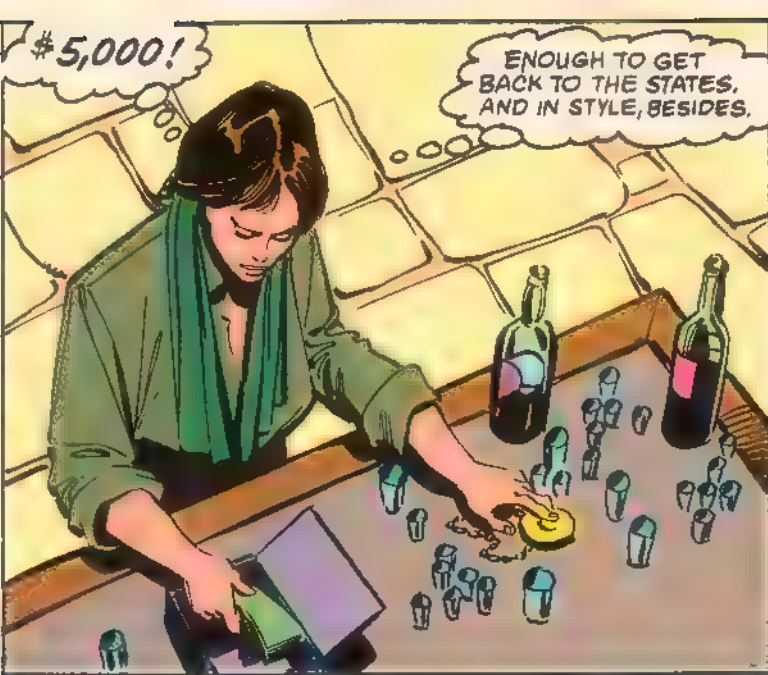
ARE YOU COMPLAINING?

I NEVER DID. SEE YOU TOMORROW.



TOMORROW, INDY.

AND MAYBE I **DO** KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.



#5,000!

ENOUGH TO GET
BACK TO THE STATES,
AND IN STYLE, BESIDES.



GOOD
EVENING,
FRAULEIN
RAVEN-
WOOD.

MY
NAME
IS
TOHT.

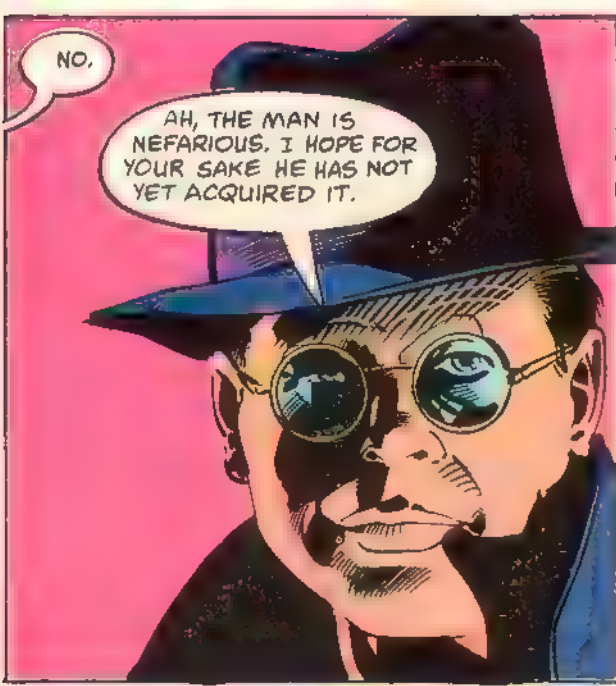


THE BAR IS
CLOSED.

WE ARE NOT THIRSTY.

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

THE SAME THING YOUR
FRIEND, DR. JONES,
WANTED, SURELY HE TOLD
YOU THERE WOULD BE
OTHER INTERESTED PARTIES.



NO.

AH, THE MAN IS
NEFARIOUS. I HOPE FOR
YOUR SAKE HE HAS NOT
YET ACQUIRED IT.

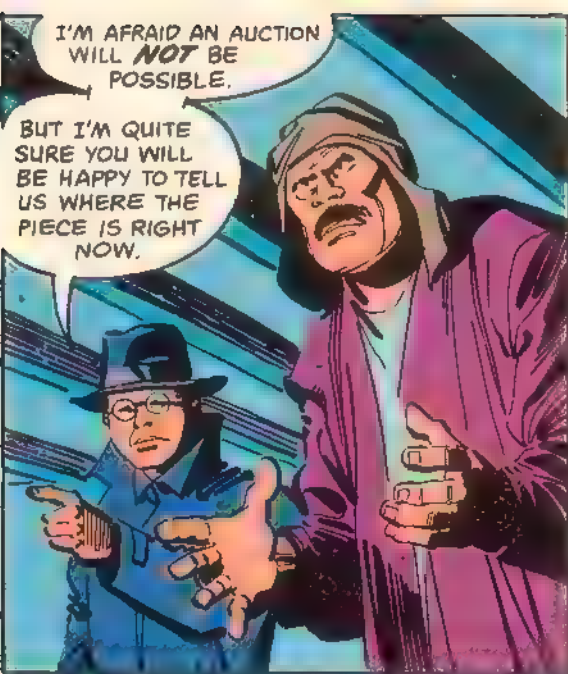


WHY,
ARE YOU
WILLING
TO OFFER
MORE?

ALMOST CERTAINLY.
DO YOU STILL HAVE IT?

NO. BUT I
KNOW WHERE
IT IS.

WHY DON'T YOU COME
BACK TOMORROW WHEN
JONES IS HERE, AND WE'LL
HAVE AN AUCTION?



I'M AFRAID AN AUCTION
WILL **NOT** BE
POSSIBLE.

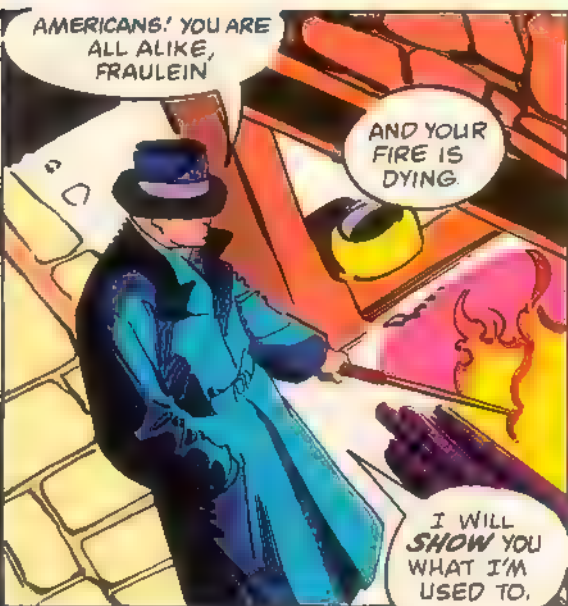
BUT I'M QUITE
SURE YOU WILL
BE HAPPY TO TELL
US WHERE THE
PIECE IS RIGHT
NOW.



THE THIRD REICH
WILL BE VERY
GRATEFUL.

LISTEN,
HERR MAC, I DON'T
KNOW WHO YOU'RE USED
TO DEALING WITH, BUT
NOBODY TELLS ME
WHAT TO DO IN MY OWN
PLACE.

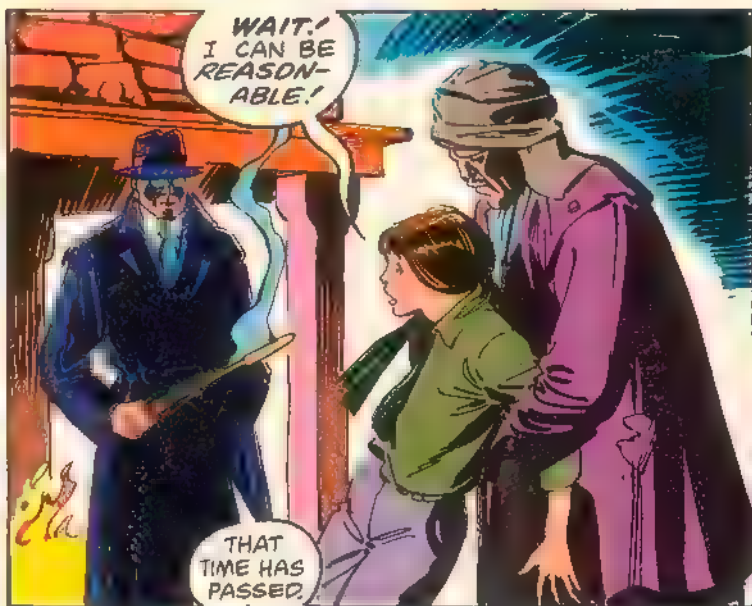
AND TELL
YOUR
MONKEY
TO GET
OFF MY
BACK.



AMERICANS! YOU ARE
ALL ALIKE,
FRAULEIN

AND YOUR
FIRE IS
DYING.

I WILL
SHOW YOU
WHAT I'M
USED TO.



WAIT!
I CAN BE
**REASON-
ABLE!**

THAT
TIME HAS
PASSED.

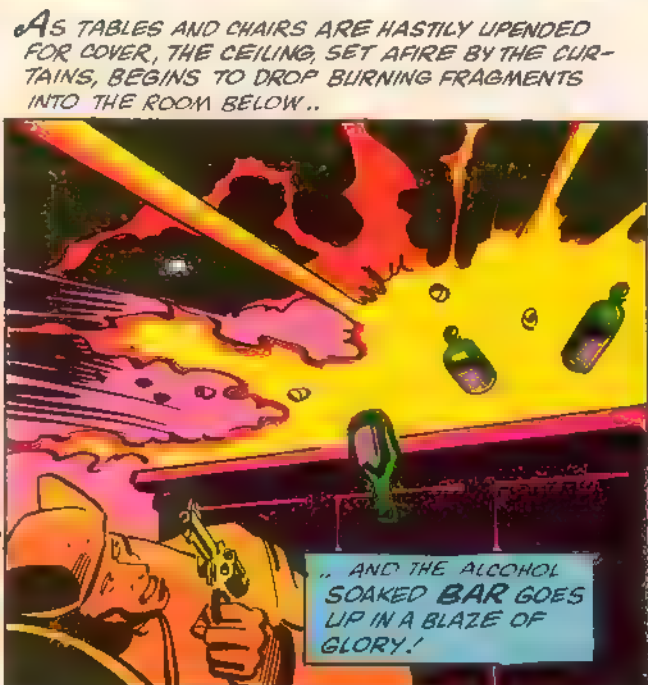
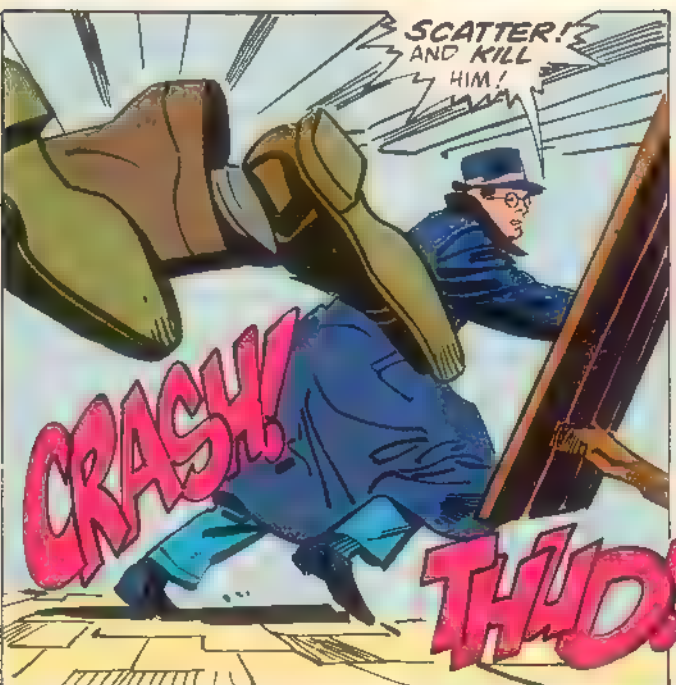
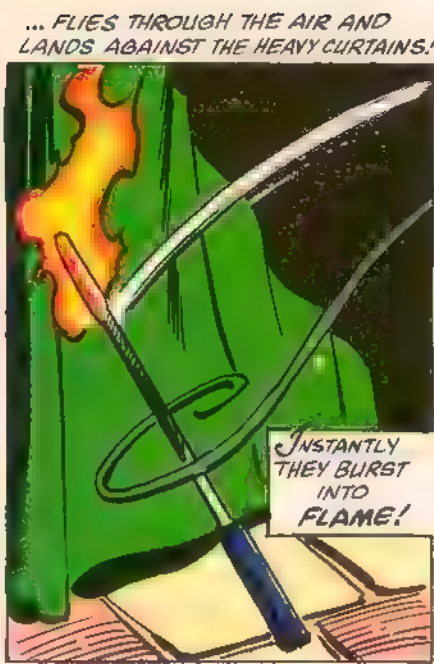
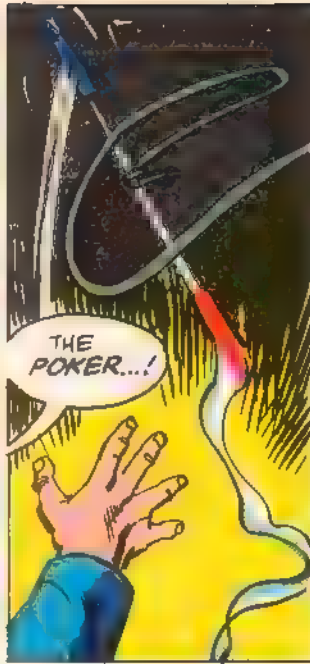


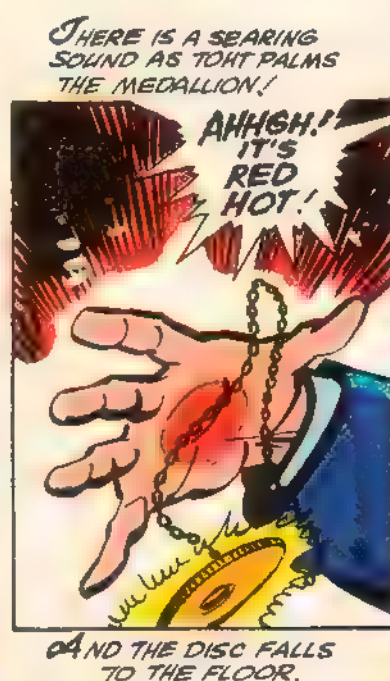
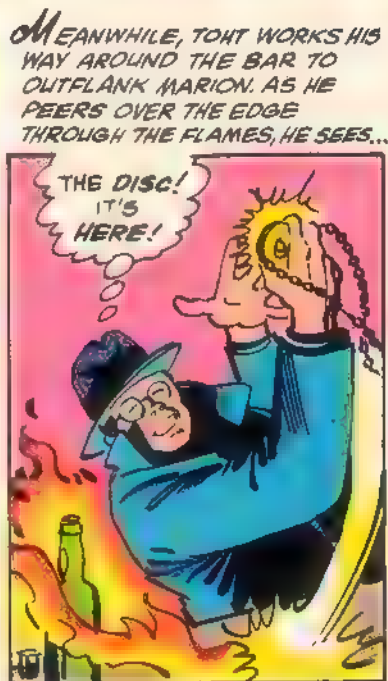
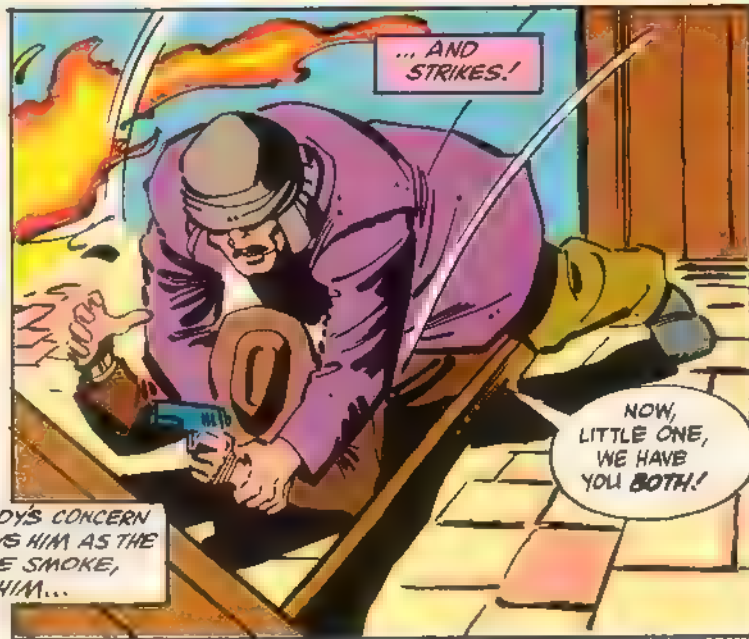
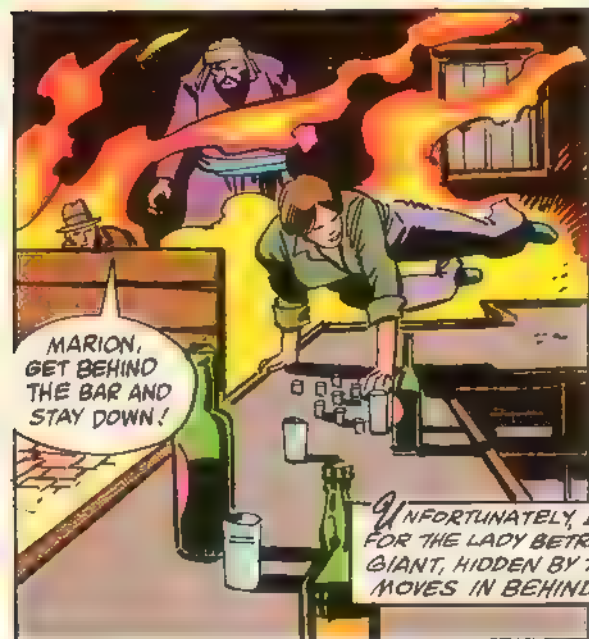
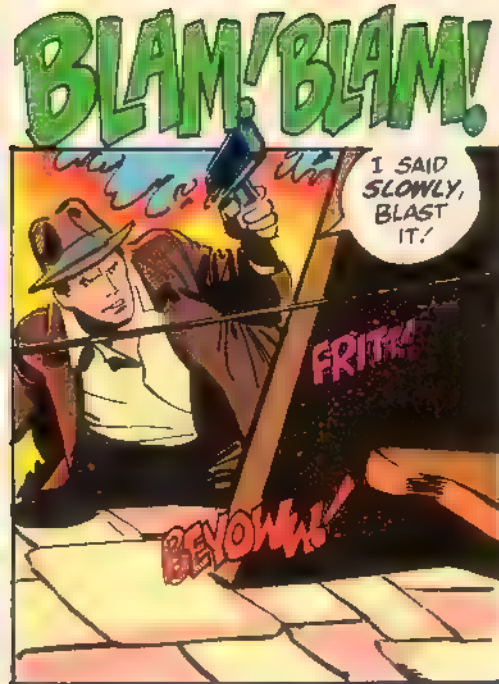
YOU
DON'T NEED
THAT!

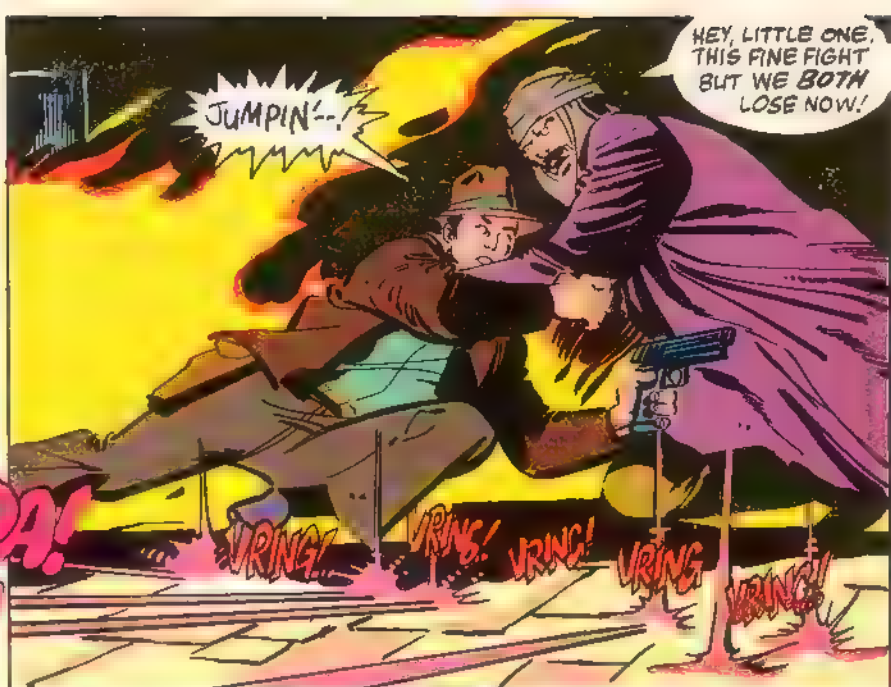
I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING!

I'M
SURE
YOU
WILL...

...EVENTUALLY!







OH, WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO NAIL HIM NEXT~

MARION!

GET BACK! THIS WHOLE PLACE IS ABOUT TO COME DOWN!

I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT THE HEAD-PIECE!

IT'S HERE?!

YES! BUT THE MONEY YOU BROUGHT IS GONE! BURNED!

SO SETTLE FOR HALF A LOAF! GRAB THE DISC AND LET'S GO!

I'VE GOT IT!

LOOK AT THIS! YOU BURNED DOWN MY PLACE!

YEAH. AND YOU CRACKED THAT GUY'S HEAD FOR ME, TOO! I GUESS I OWE YOU PLENTY!

DARN RIGHT! YOU OWE ME PLENTY!

YOU'RE REALLY SOMETHING.

I SURE AM!

AND I'LL TELL YOU EXACTLY WHAT.

I'M YOUR PARTNER!

AND INDY KNOWS... THE LADY'S NOT KIDDING!

WHEN HE LEAVES FOR CAIRO, EGYPT, THE NEXT MORNING, HE ISN'T TRAVELLING ALONE.

CAIRO... A CITY OF ANCIENT MYSTERIES... AND A STAGING AREA FOR THE NAZI ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS THAT ARE UNCOVERING THE LOST CITY OF TANIS, SEARCHING FOR ITS GREATEST TREASURE-- THE ARK OF THE COVENANT!

I KNEW THE GERMANS WOULD HIRE YOU, SALLAH. THEY COULDN'T EXCAVATE IN THE DESERT WITHOUT EGYPT'S BEST DIGGER.

WHAT PROGRESS HAVE THEY MADE?

WE FOUND THE MAP ROOM THREE DAYS AGO. I BROKE THROUGH MYSELF.

THEY MOVE FAST, INDY. THE FRENCHMAN'S HELPING THEM

BELLOQ! SO HE GOT AWAY FROM THE INDIANS.

THIS IS GOING TO BE MORE INTERESTING THAN I THOUGHT!

BUT EVEN HE CAN'T FIND THE WELL OF THE SOULS WITHOUT THE HEADPIECE OF THE STAFF OF RA.

AND SINCE WE HAVE THAT, HE WON'T FIND THE ARK.

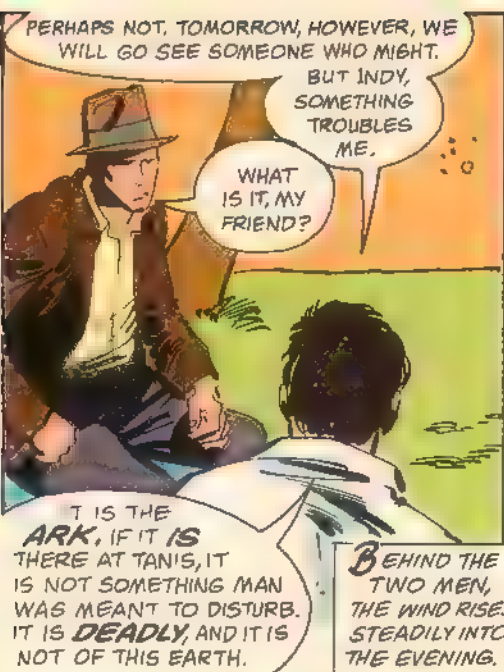
BUT WILL WE? NEITHER OF US CAN DECIPHER THE MARKINGS ON THE DISC.

PERHAPS NOT. TOMORROW, HOWEVER, WE WILL GO SEE SOMEONE WHO MIGHT. BUT INDY, SOMETHING TROUBLES ME.

WHAT IS IT, MY FRIEND?

IT IS THE **ARK**. IF IT IS THERE AT TANIS, IT IS NOT SOMETHING MAN WAS MEANT TO DISTURB. IT IS **DEADLY**, AND IT IS NOT OF THIS EARTH.

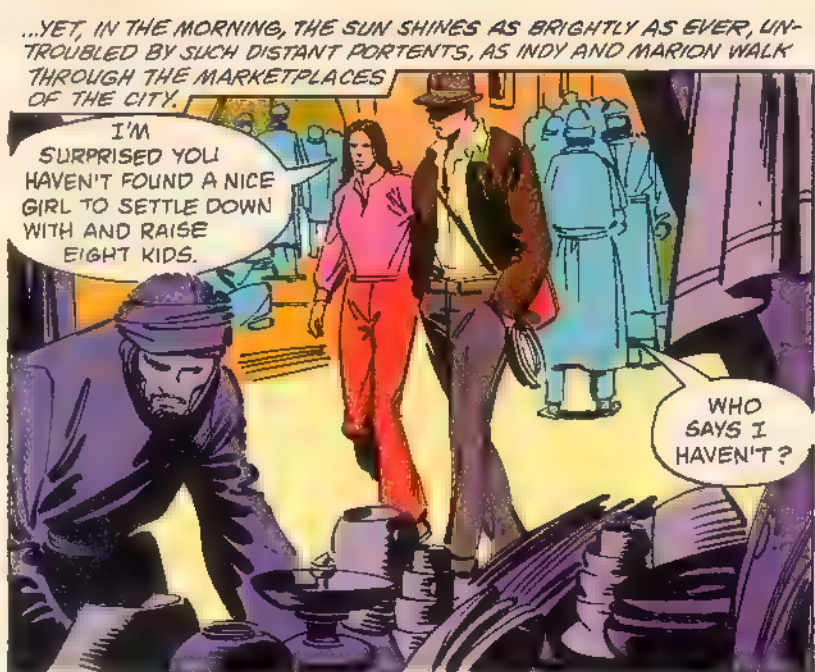
BEHIND THE TWO MEN, THE WIND RISES STEADILY INTO THE EVENING.



...YET, IN THE MORNING, THE SUN SHINES AS BRIGHTLY AS EVER, UN- TROUBLED BY SUCH DISTANT PORTENTS, AS INDY AND MARION WALK THROUGH THE MARKETPLACES OF THE CITY.

I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T FOUND A NICE GIRL TO SETTLE DOWN WITH AND RAISE EIGHT KIDS.


WHO SAYS I HAVEN'T?



NAH, YOU COULDN'T TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY. DAD HAD YOU FIGURED

HOW WAS THAT?

hmmm



HE SAID YOU WERE A BUM...

... THE MOST GIFTED BUM HE EVER TRAINED. HE LOVED YOU. IT TOOK A LOT FOR YOU TO ALIENATE HIM.

NOT SO MUCH. JUST YOU.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE PICKED ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE.



THEN **HERE'S** MY CHANCE!

RUN, MARION! GET TO **SALLAH'S!** I'LL JOIN YOU LATER!

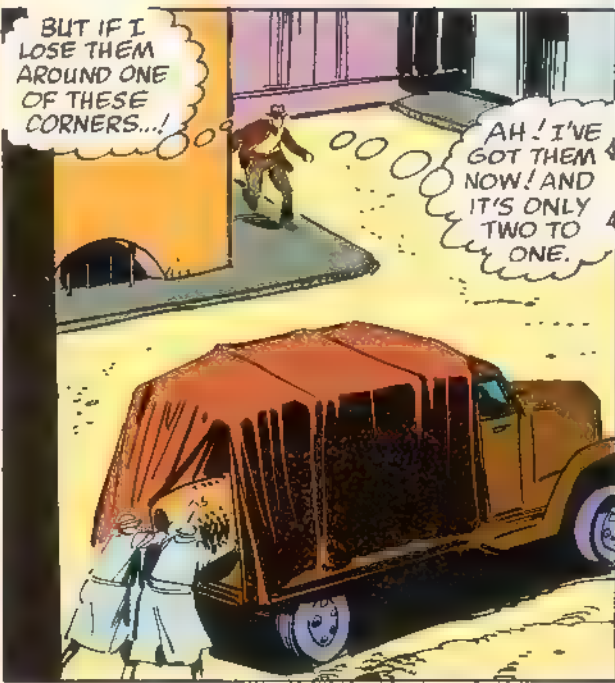
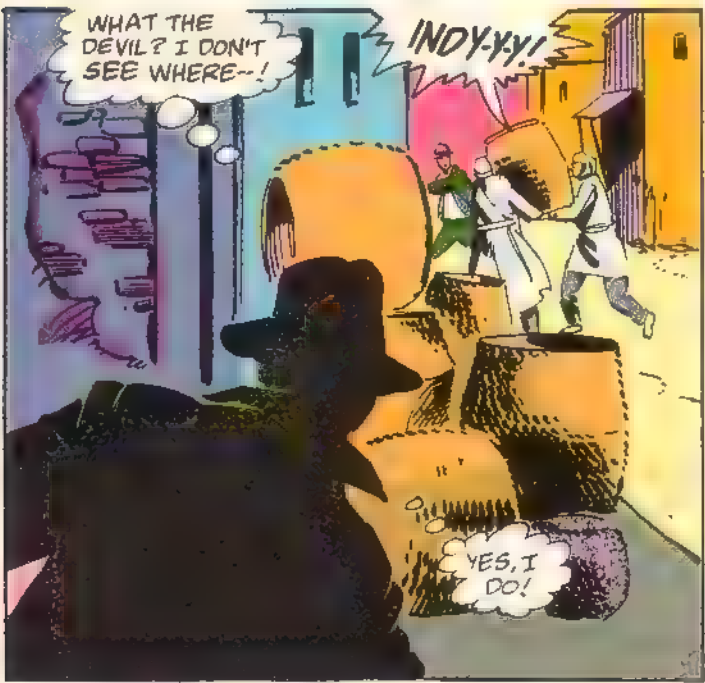
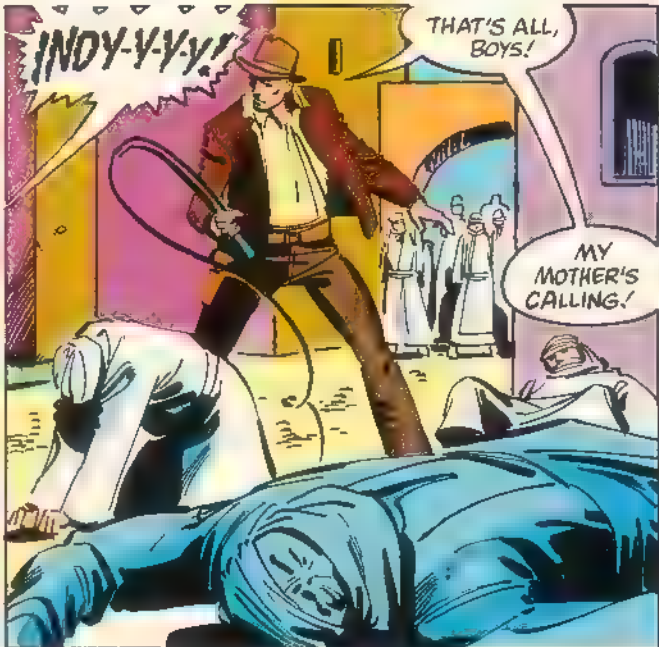
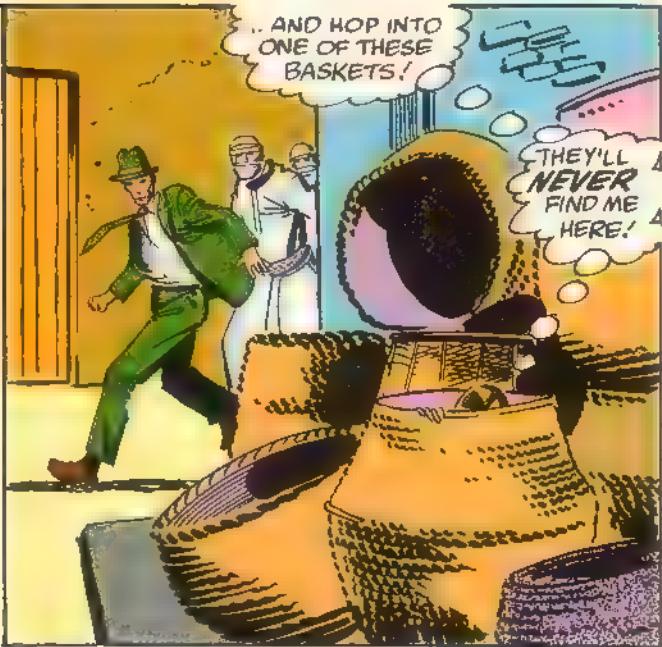
--BUT, INDY--!

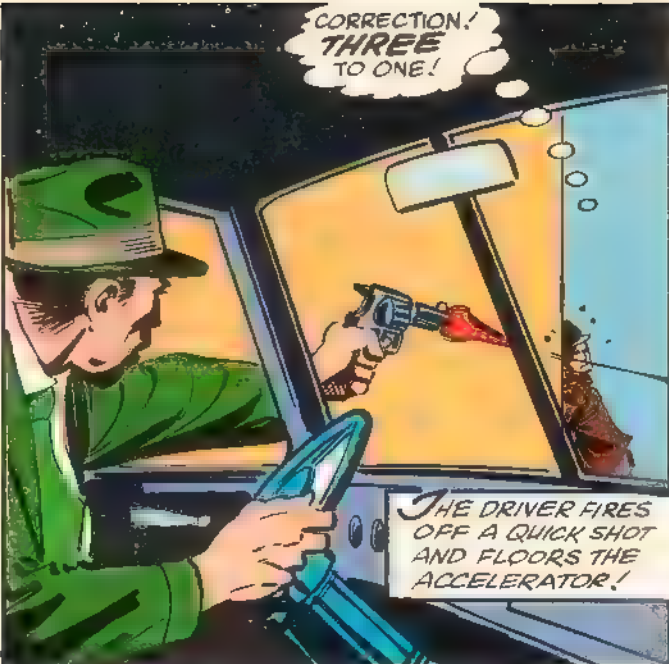


AARGH!

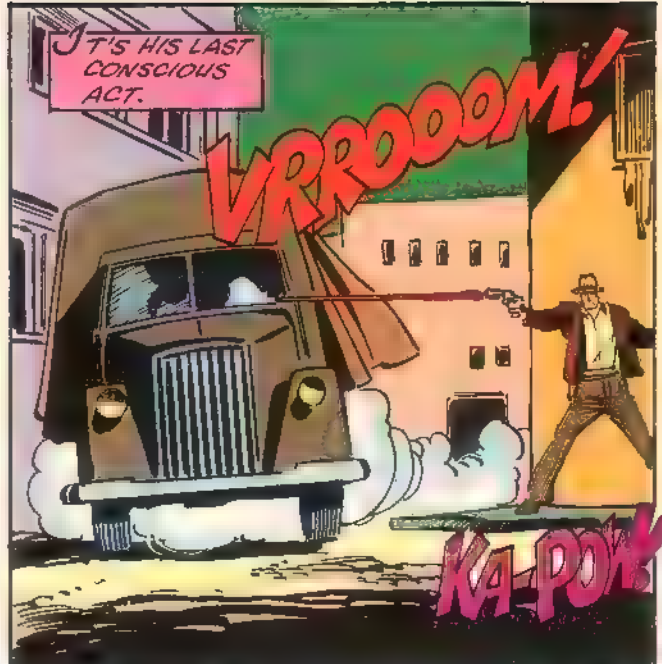
SKRACHTT!



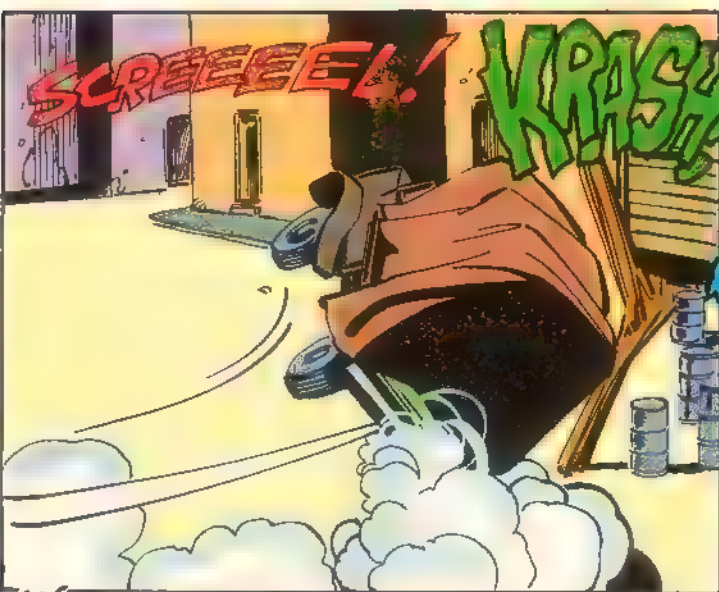




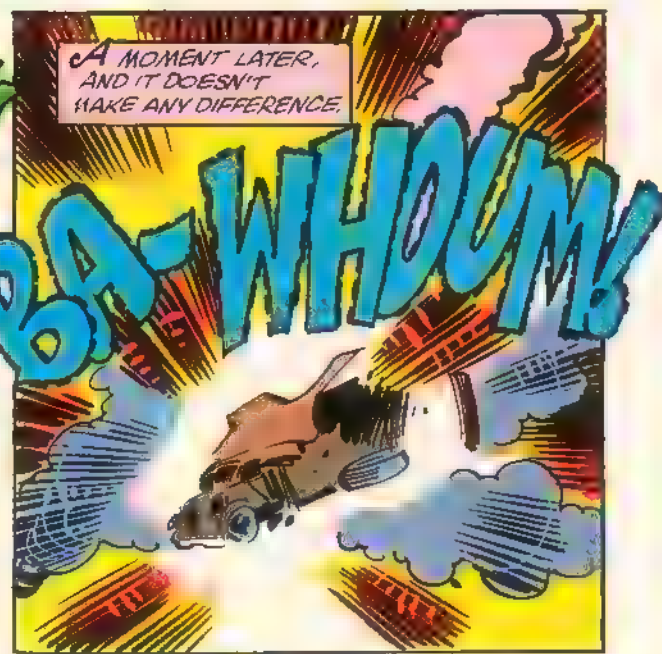
THE DRIVER FIRES OFF A QUICK SHOT AND FLOORS THE ACCELERATOR!



IT'S HIS LAST CONSCIOUS ACT.



WHAT INDY CANNOT KNOW IS THAT THIS TRUCK IS CARRYING, AMONG OTHER THINGS, GERMAN MUNITIONS, FIREARMS, AND DYNAMITE!

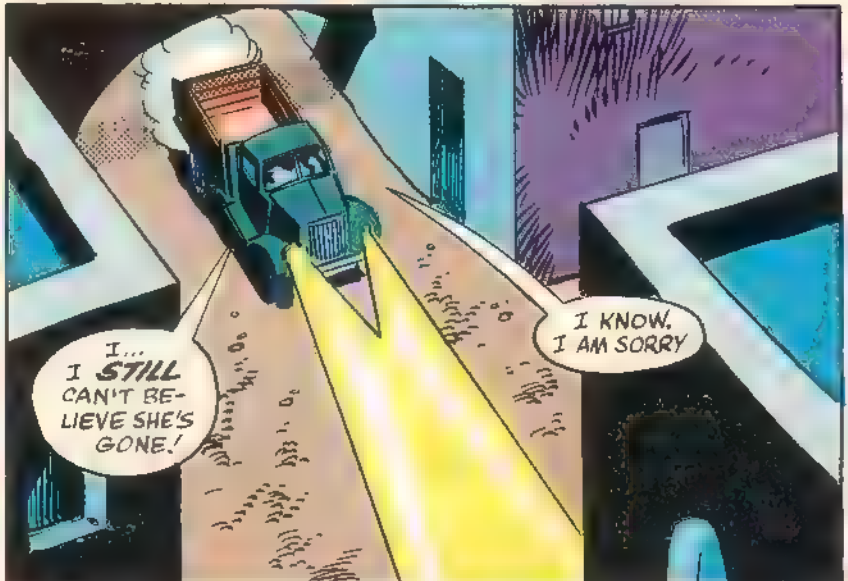


A MOMENT LATER, AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.



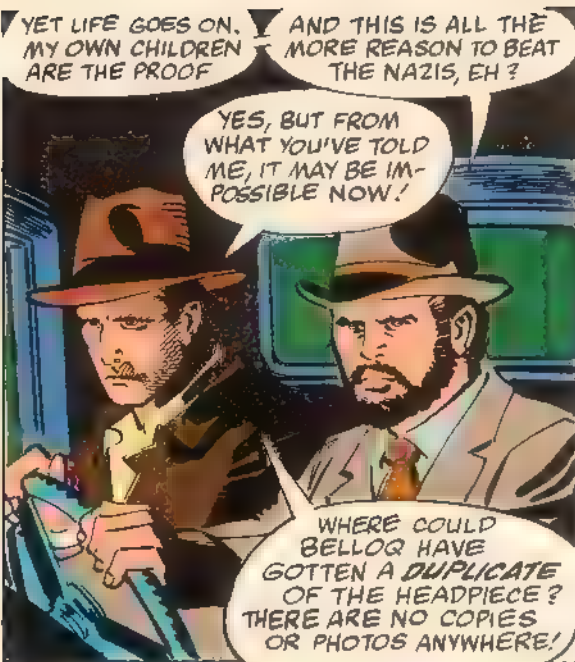
MARION!

... AND THE INDY WHO RIDES QUIETLY BESIDE SALLAH LATER THAT NIGHT IS OLDER AND GRIMMER THAN THE ONE WHO STROLLED THROUGH THE MARKETPLACE THAT MORNING.



I... I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S GONE!

I KNOW, I AM SORRY

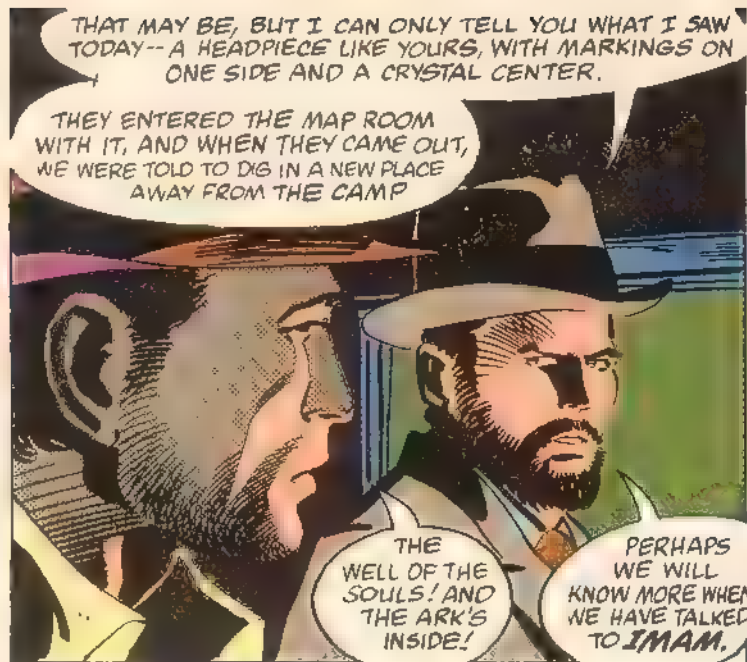


YET LIFE GOES ON. MY OWN CHILDREN ARE THE PROOF

AND THIS IS ALL THE MORE REASON TO BEAT THE NAZIS, EH?

YES, BUT FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, IT MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE NOW!

WHERE COULD BELLOQ HAVE GOTTEN A DUPLICATE OF THE HEADPIECE? THERE ARE NO COPIES OR PHOTOS ANYWHERE!



THAT MAY BE, BUT I CAN ONLY TELL YOU WHAT I SAW TODAY-- A HEADPIECE LIKE YOURS, WITH MARKINGS ON ONE SIDE AND A CRYSTAL CENTER.

THEY ENTERED THE MAP ROOM WITH IT, AND WHEN THEY CAME OUT, WE WERE TOLD TO DIG IN A NEW PLACE AWAY FROM THE CAMP

THE WELL OF THE SOULS! AND THE ARK'S INSIDE!

PERHAPS WE WILL KNOW MORE WHEN WE HAVE TALKED TO IMAM.

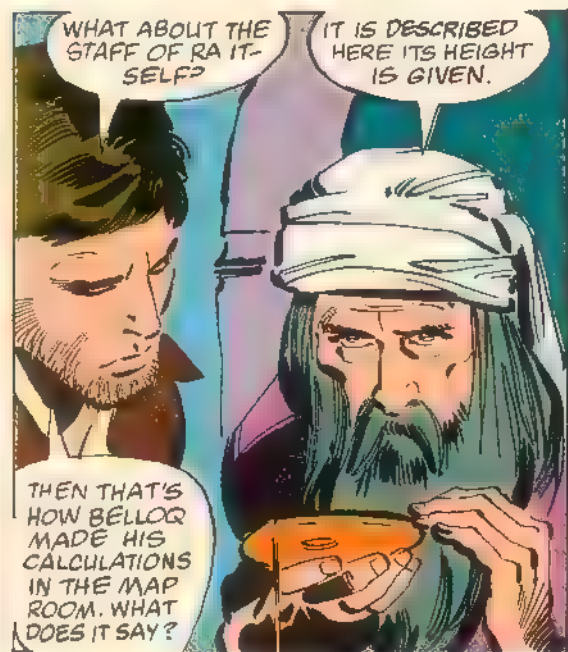
SHORTLY, IN THE HOUSE OF IMAM-- SCHOLAR, ASTRONOMER, PRIEST...



SO YOU CAN READ THE MARKINGS?

YES, BUT THEY SPEAK OF A WARNING... NOT TO DISTURB THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

JUST WHAT I NEEDED.



WHAT ABOUT THE STAFF OF RA ITSELF?

IT IS DESCRIBED HERE ITS HEIGHT IS GIVEN.

THEN THAT'S HOW BELLOQ MADE HIS CALCULATIONS IN THE MAP ROOM. WHAT DOES IT SAY?



IT IS WRITTEN IN THE OLD WAY, SIX KADAM HIGH...

THAT'S ABOUT 72 INCHES.

YOU SAID ONLY ONE SIDE OF BELLOQ'S HEADPIECE HAD MARKINGS.

THAT IS SO, INDY.

WAIT. THERE IS MORE ON THE BACK-- AND ONE KADAM BACK TO HONOR THE HEBREW GOD WHOSE ARK THIS IS.



THEN BELLOQ'S STAFF IS 12 INCHES LONG! WHICH MEANS THE NAZIS ARE DIGGING IN THE WRONG SPOT! WE MAY STILL BEAT THEM!

INDY, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE ARE VERY LUCKY FELLOW.

WE'LL SEE.

THE NEXT MORNING, INDY DRIVES WITH SALLAH AND HIS DIGGERS INTO THE DESERT TOWARD THE NEWLY EXCAVATED CITY OF TANIS.

I HAVE TO GET INTO THE MAP ROOM, SALLAH. THE HEADPIECE IS THE KEY, BUT THE MAP ROOM IS THE LOCK

A MINATURE OF THE ENTIRE CITY IS LAID OUT IN THAT CHAMBER. IF THE LEGENDS ARE RIGHT, I'LL FIND THE LOCATION TO THE WELL OF THE SOULS ON THAT MAP

AND IF THEY AREN'T, INDY?

I'LL TURN IN MY BULLFINCH'S MYTHOLOGY

THE DIG IS JUST OVER THIS RISE. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THE OPENING TO THE MAP ROOM FROM HERE.

MY GOD! THE GERMANS AREN'T KIDDING!

OKAY, SALLAH, BRING THE ROPE. THE SUN'S ALMOST REACHED THE MAP ROOM.

IT SHOULD BE EASY. BELLOQ AND THE REST ARE OFF LOOKING IN THE WRONG SPOT.

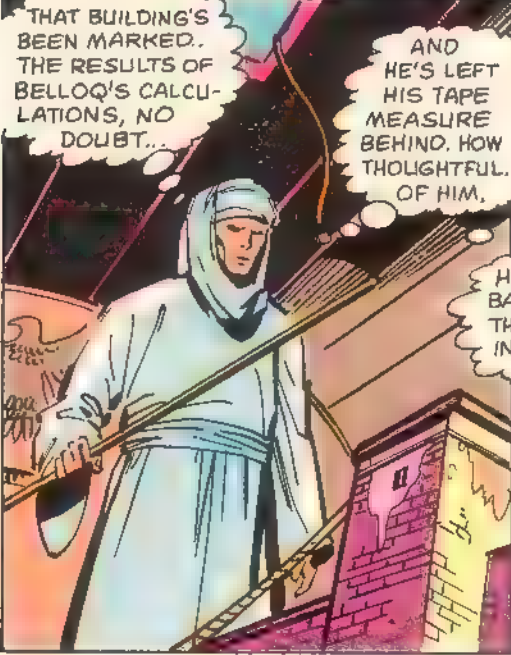
AND STRETCHING OUT BEFORE HIS EYES, INDY SEES THE BONES OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF TANIS, EXPOSED TO THE SUN AND THE TREASURE HUNTERS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A THOUSAND YEARS.

THE MAP ROOM OF TANIS!

ABNER, IF ONLY YOU AND MARION COULD HAVE SEEN THIS!

EVERYTHING'S JUST AS WE IMAGINED IT!

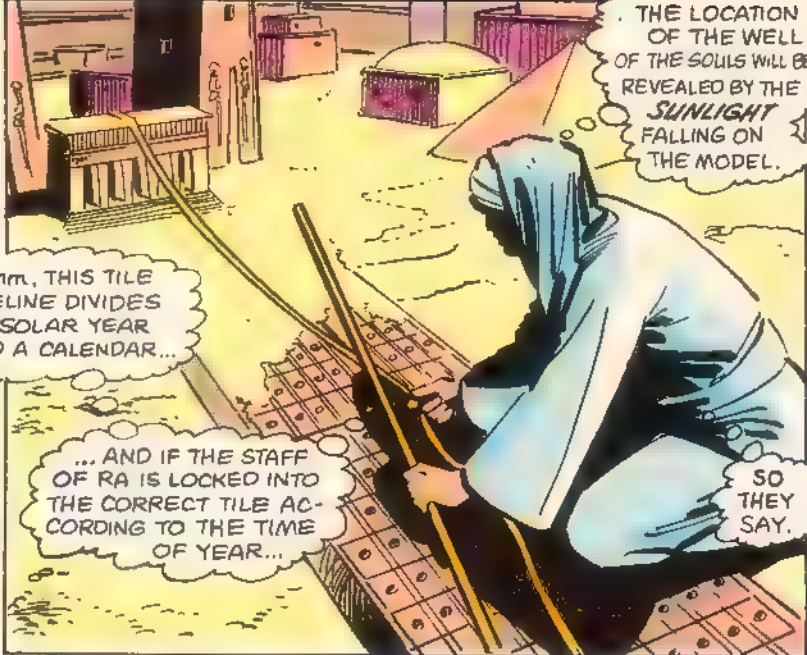
BUT DON'T WORRY. I'LL SEE THIS THROUGH FOR ALL OF US!



THAT BUILDING'S BEEN MARKED. THE RESULTS OF BELLOQ'S CALCULATIONS, NO DOUBT...

AND HE'S LEFT HIS TAPE MEASURE BEHIND. HOW THOUGHTFUL OF HIM.

Hmmm, THIS TILE BASELINE DIVIDES THE SOLAR YEAR INTO A CALENDAR...



THE LOCATION OF THE WELL OF THE SOULS WILL BE REVEALED BY THE SUNLIGHT FALLING ON THE MODEL.

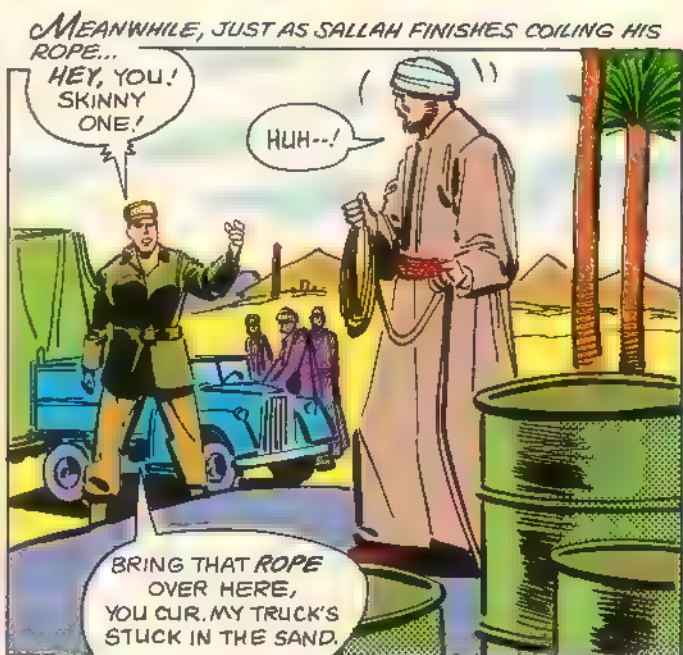
... AND IF THE STAFF OF RA IS LOCKED INTO THE CORRECT TILE ACCORDING TO THE TIME OF YEAR...

SO THEY SAY.



ALL SET, I'D BETTER ATTACH THE HEADPIECE TO THE STAFF SALLAH AND I MADE LAST NIGHT ACCORDING TO THE DISC'S INSTRUCTIONS...

...AND MAYBE A LITTLE PRAYER WOULDN'T HURT EITHER RIGHT NOW.

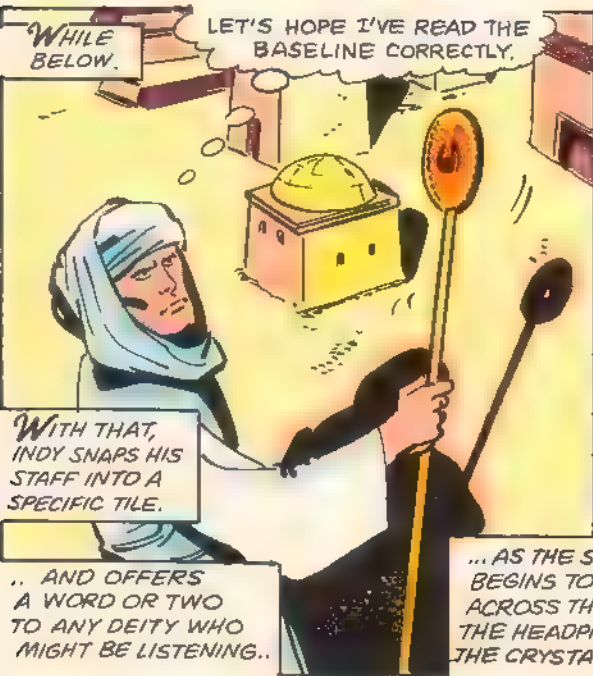


MEANWHILE, JUST AS SALLAH FINISHES COILING HIS ROPE...

HEY, YOU! SKINNY ONE!

HUH--!

BRING THAT ROPE OVER HERE, YOU CUR. MY TRUCK'S STUCK IN THE SAND.

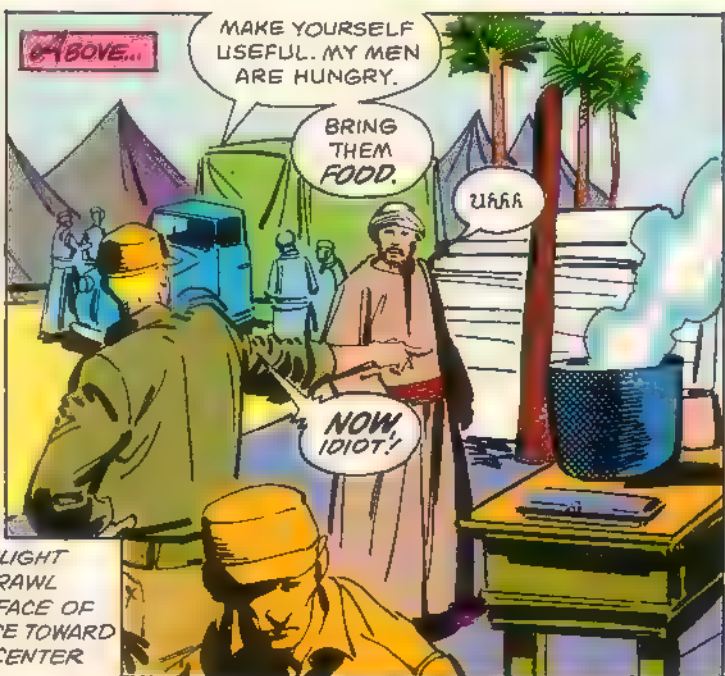


WHILE BELOW.

LET'S HOPE I'VE READ THE BASELINE CORRECTLY.

WITH THAT, INDY SNAPS HIS STAFF INTO A SPECIFIC TILE.

.. AND OFFERS A WORD OR TWO TO ANY DEITY WHO MIGHT BE LISTENING..



ABOVE...

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. MY MEN ARE HUNGRY.

BRING THEM FOOD.

UAAA

NOW, IDIOT!

... AS THE SUNLIGHT BEGINS TO CRAWL ACROSS THE FACE OF THE HEADPIECE TOWARD THE CRYSTAL CENTER

AND WATER!
BRING US WATER,
DOG.

CERTAINLY, SIR.
FORGIVE THIS ONE'S
OVERSIGHT.

MEANWHILE, BELOW, AS THE SUNLIGHT REACHES
THE CRYSTAL IMBEDDED IN THE MEDALLION, INDY
STANDS MOTIONLESS, WATCHING.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE
STAFF OF RA CAST ACROSS
THE MINIATURE CITY, A
SHAFT OF LIGHT FOCUSED
BY THE CRYSTAL LEAPS
OUT TO TOUCH A SINGLE
STRUCTURE.

THAT'S
IT! THE
WELL OF THE
SOULS!

... AND WHETHER BY A
TRICK OF PERCEPTION OR
THE SKILL OF AN ANCIENT
ARTISTRY, THE TINY BUILDING
SHIMMERS LIKE A JEWEL
AMID THE DUST OF
CENTURIES.

THE GLOW IS BRIEF, BUT IT IS ENOUGH

I NEED TO MEASURE
THE DISTANCE AND
BEARING FROM A
KNOWN POINT
ON THE MAP TO
THE GLOWING
BUILDING.

AND THEN
SIMPLY SCALE
THEM UP TO
LOCATE THE
REAL THING!

THAT POINT
IS THE MAP
ROOM ITSELF,
SO WITH
BELLOQ'S
TAPE, I'LL
MAKE MY
MEASURE-
MENTS HERE
ON THE
MODEL...

GOT
IT!

AND HE SMILES GRIMLY TO HIMSELF TO
SEE THAT THE SITE HE HAS MARKED IS IN
A DIRECT LINE WITH BELLOQ'S, A FOOT
AND A HALF BEYOND IT!

SO BELLOQ WAS
ALMOST RIGHT
AGAIN.

BETTER
LEAVE THE
STAFF
BEHIND.

I'LL JUST
PITCH IT
ON TOP
OF SOME
JUNK IN A
CORNER.

SALLAH.

THERE IS NO
RESPONSE.

SALLAH!

THE SILENCE SEEMS
LOUDER THAN EVER
WHEN SUDDENLY.

.. A MAKESHIFT ROPE OF ODDS
AND ENDS TIED TOGETHER
SLITHERS DOWN FROM THE
OPENING ABOVE..

WHAT
HAPPENED?

I WAS
PLAYING THE
DOMESTIC
FOR SOME
SOLDIERS.

AND
YOU?

WE'RE
GOLDEN!



HEY, YOU!
MORE WATER
OVER HERE!

KEEP
WALKING,
INDY. I'LL
HANDLE
THIS.



WHAT
ABOUT
YOUR
FRIEND?

WHY ISN'T
HE AT THE
DIGGS?

TELL HIM
TO COME
HERE!



NO, DUMMKOPF!
I SAID
COME HERE!

SORRY,
PAL. JUST
ONE
MORE
ARAB WHO
DOESN'T
SPEAK
GERMAN.

I'D
BETTER
MAKE
MYSELF
SCARCE,
FAST!



UH-OH
THOSE OFFICERS
ARE BETWEEN
ME AND MY
LINE OF
RETREAT.

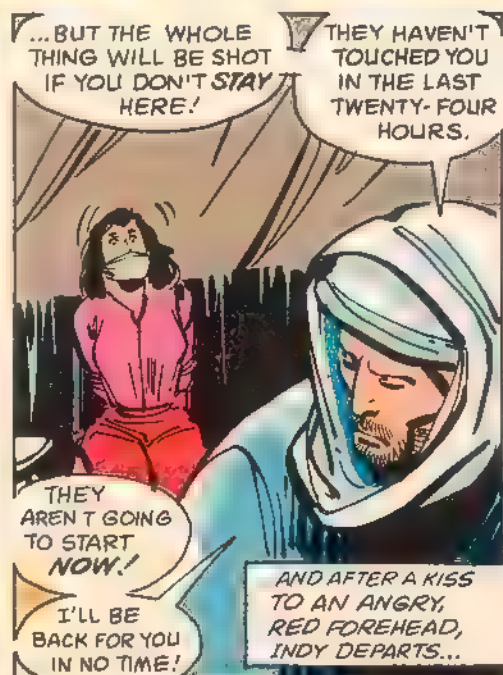
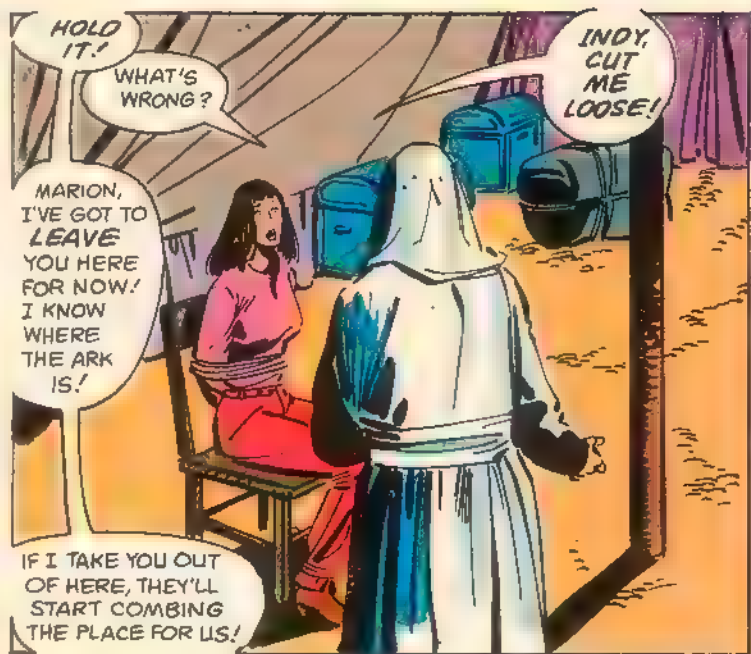


WHILE THEY
DISCUSS MEIN
KAMPF, I'LL
JUST DUCK
QUIETLY OUT
OF SIGHT UNTIL
THE COAST IS--

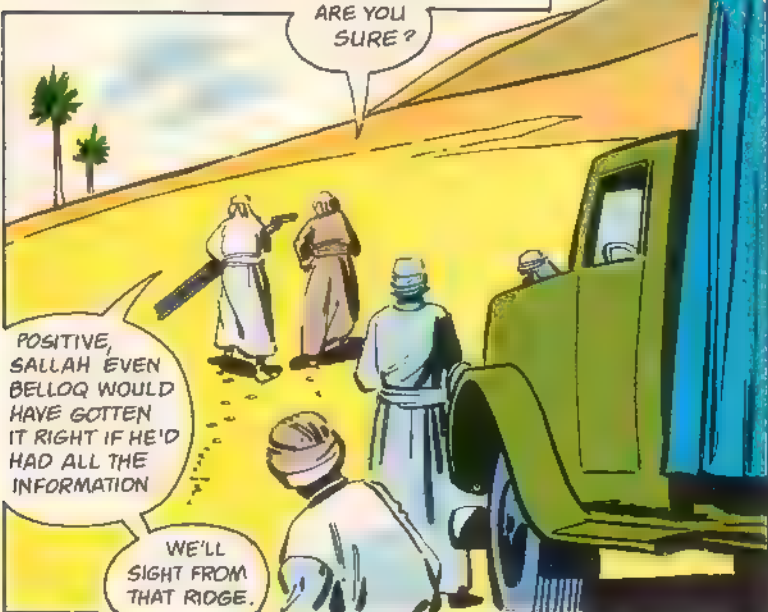


HIS VOICE IS HOARSE, ALMOST IN-
AUDIBLE AS INDY CHOKES OUT THE NAME

MARION!



... INTO THE DESERT TO REJOIN SALLAH AND HIS DIGGERS WITHOUT INCIDENT IN THE DUNES BEYOND THE CAMP.



ARE YOU SURE?

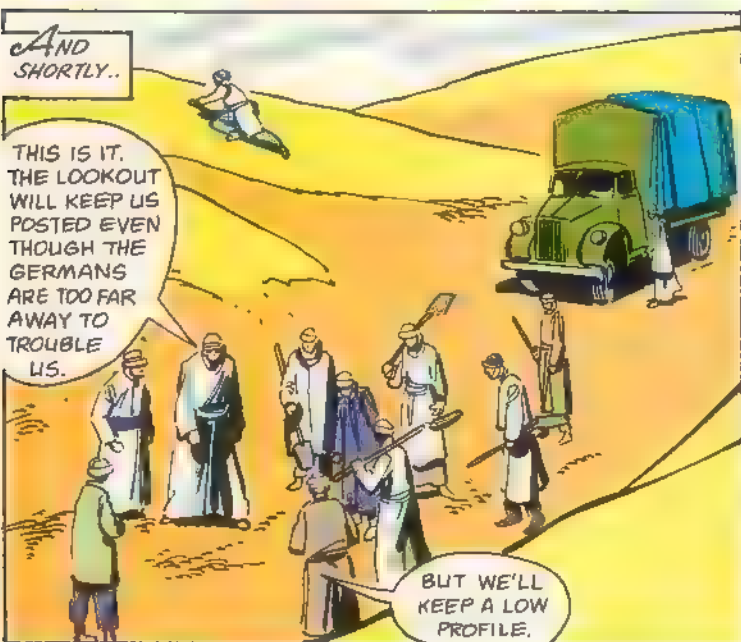
POSITIVE, SALLAH EVEN BELLOQ WOULD HAVE GOTTEN IT RIGHT IF HE'D HAD ALL THE INFORMATION

WE'LL SIGHT FROM THAT RIDGE.



GOOD! IT'S WELL AWAY FROM THE CAMP!

TELL YOUR MEN TO BRING UP THE EQUIPMENT. I'VE GOT THE DIGGING SITE SPOTTED.



AND SHORTLY...

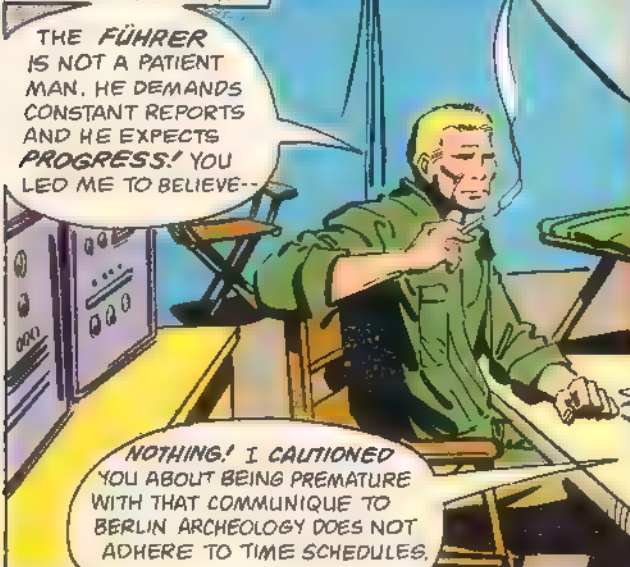
THIS IS IT. THE LOOKOUT WILL KEEP US POSTED EVEN THOUGH THE GERMANS ARE TOO FAR AWAY TO TROUBLE US.

BUT WE'LL KEEP A LOW PROFILE.



CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS, BOYS, AND LET'S GET TO WORK.

MEANWHILE, THE GERMAN COMMANDER, DIETRICH, AND HIS AIDE, GOBLER, ARE INVOLVED IN A SHARP DISCUSSION WITH BELLOQ ABOUT THE VERY OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH.



THE FÜHRER IS NOT A PATIENT MAN. HE DEMANDS CONSTANT REPORTS AND HE EXPECTS PROGRESS! YOU LED ME TO BELIEVE--

NOTHING! I CAUTIONED YOU ABOUT BEING PREMATURE WITH THAT COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN ARCHEOLOGY DOES NOT ADHERE TO TIME SCHEDULES.



BASED ON INFORMATION IN OUR POSSESSION, MY CALCULATIONS WERE CORRECT PERHAPS SOME BIT OF EVIDENCE STILL ELUDES US.

PERHAPS--

PERHAPS THE GIRL CAN HELP US, HERR BELLOQ

AFTER ALL, WASN'T SHE IN POSSESSION OF THE ORIGINAL HEADPIECE FOR MANY YEARS?

SHE MAY KNOW MUCH

F PROPERLY MOTIVATED

I TELL YOU, SHE KNOWS NOTHING USEFUL.

I'M SURPRISED TO FIND YOU SQUEAMISH. THAT IS NOT YOUR REPUTATION

I HAVE THE PERFECT MAN FOR THIS KIND OF WORK

BUT IT NEEDN'T CONCERN YOU

GOBLER?

ALL RIGHT. YOU MAY COME IN NOW.

HEIL, HITLER!

AH, TOHT, WE HAVE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU. I TRUST YOUR HAND HAS RECOVERED SUFFICIENTLY FROM THE LAST ONE.

NOT THAT YOU WOULD HAVE CHOSEN TO COPY THE MEDALLION THAT WAY, I SUPPOSE.

BUT THIS NEW ASSIGNMENT SHOULD MAKE UP FOR THAT.

IT CONCERNS A YOUNG FRAULEIN OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.

MEANWHILE, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE CONVERSATION IN DIETRICH'S TENT.

.. INDY AND THE DIGGERS HAVE UNCOVERED A LONG-BURIED ROOF.

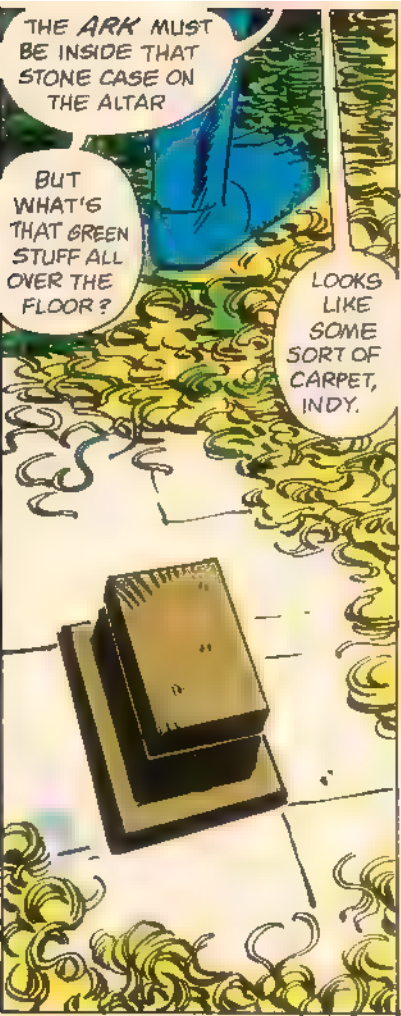
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK A TORCH, AND EXTREME CARE.

CHECK. LET'S SEE WHAT'S--

SALLAH, LOOK! WE'VE FOUND IT!

THE WELL OF THE SOULS!



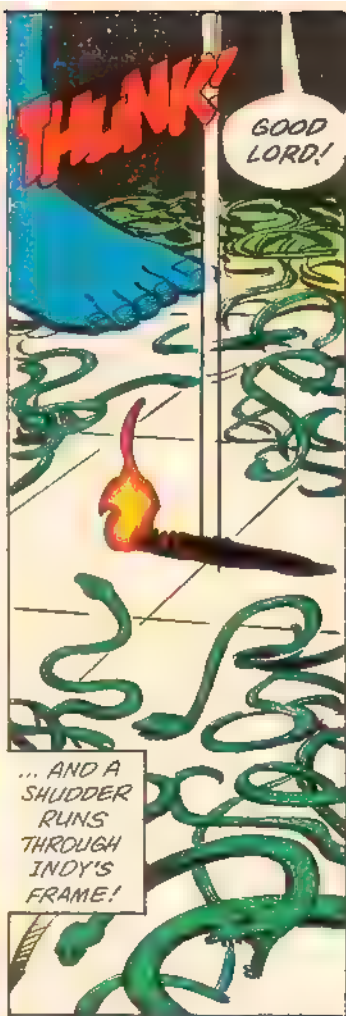
THE ARK MUST BE INSIDE THAT STONE CASE ON THE ALTAR

BUT WHAT'S THAT GREEN STUFF ALL OVER THE FLOOR?

LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF CARPET, INDY.



LET'S SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.



THANK!

GOOD LORD!

... AND A SHUDDER RUNS THROUGH INDY'S FRAME!



EGYPTIAN ASPS! VERY DANGEROUS!

SNAKES! WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE SNAKES?

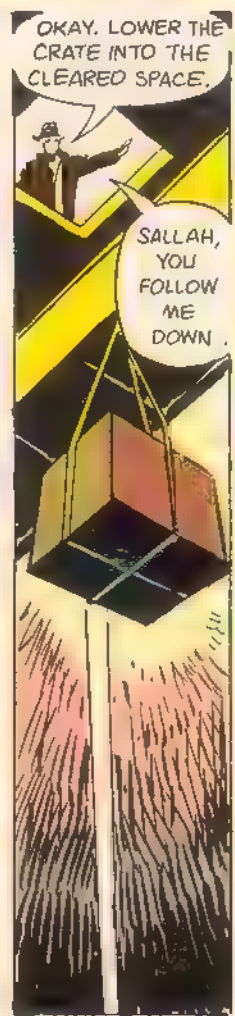
WHY NOT ANYTHING ELSE?



TORCHES! LOTS OF TORCHES!

AND GET SOME OIL!

WE'LL MAKE A LANDING STRIP DOWN THERE!



OKAY. LOWER THE CRATE INTO THE CLEARED SPACE.

SALLAH, YOU FOLLOW ME DOWN.

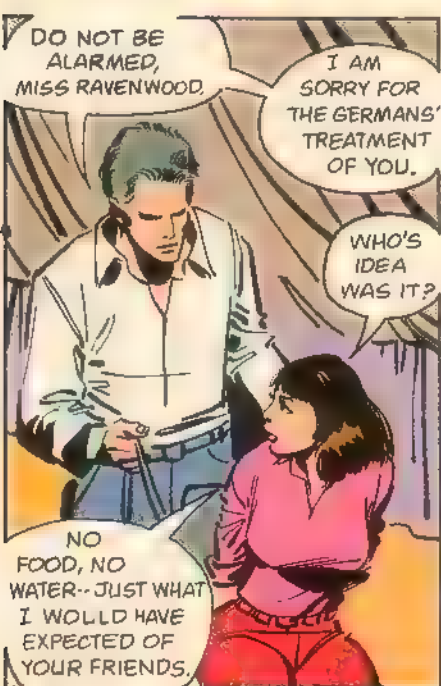


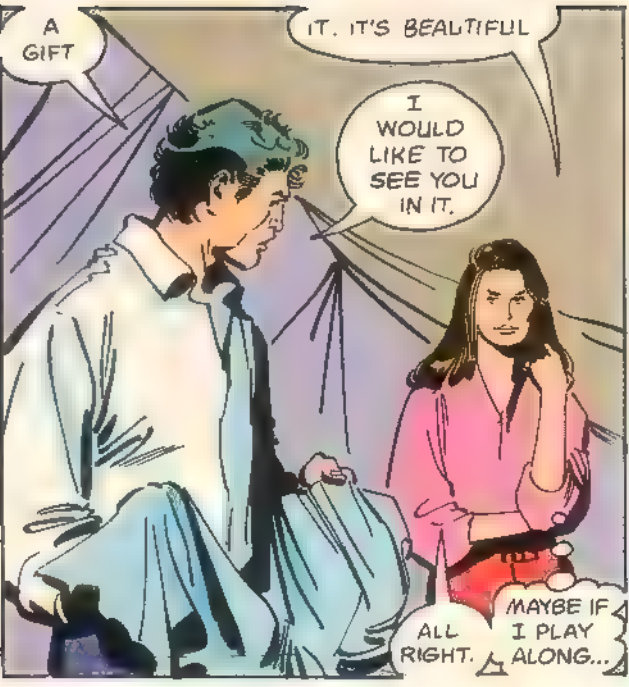
AND BRING ANOTHER CANNISTER OF OIL!



NOW SPLASH THE STUFF ON EITHER SIDE OF US TOWARD THE ALTAR!

WE'RE GOING TO OPEN A PATH RIGHT TO THE ARK!





A GIFT

IT. IT'S BEAUTIFUL

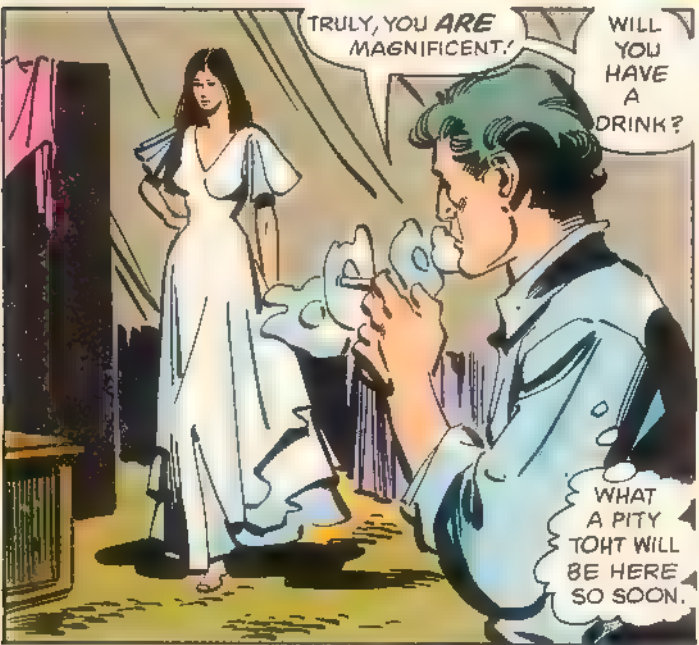
I WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU IN IT.

MAYBE IF I PLAY ALONG... ALL RIGHT.



AND IF YOU'RE THINKING OF ESCAPE, THE DESERT IS THREE WEEKS ON FOOT IN EVERY DIRECTION!

SWELL



TRULY, YOU ARE MAGNIFICENT!

WILL YOU HAVE A DRINK?

WHAT A PITY TOHT WILL BE HERE SO SOON.

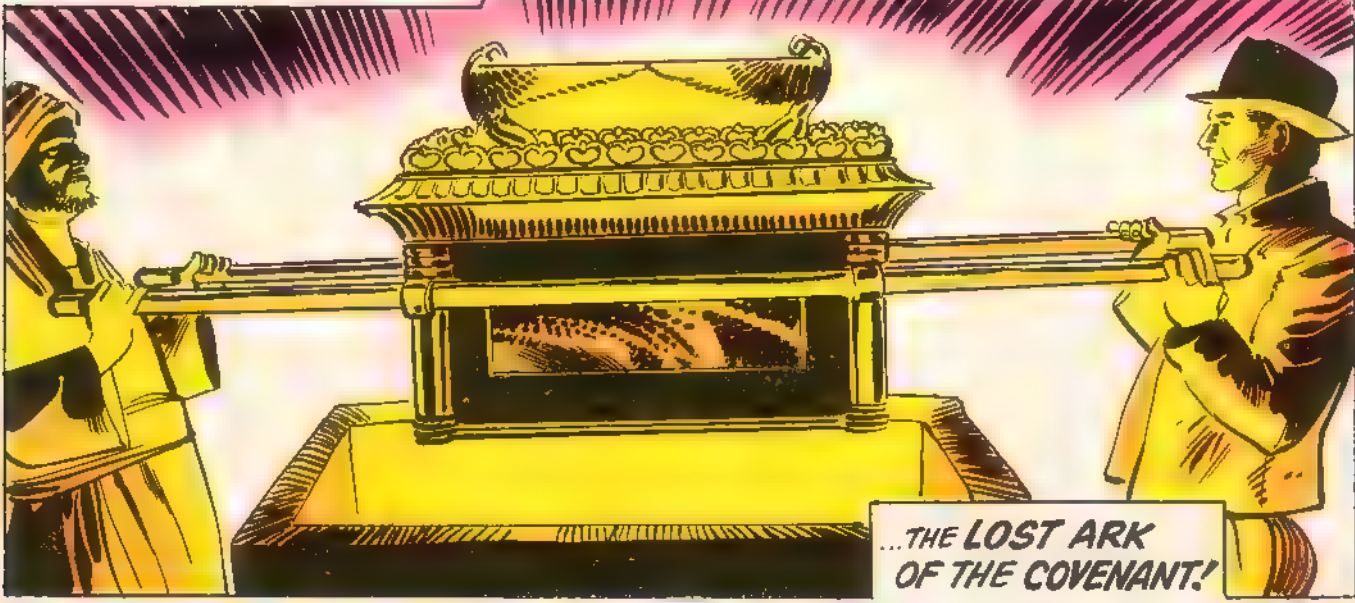


ELSEWHERE...

THE TOP IS OFF. INDY, WHAT--?

SALLAH, IT'S HERE! EVERYTHING WE'VE EVER SEARCHED FOR! IT'S HERE!

THE VERY ATMOSPHERE SEEMS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY AS THE TWO MEN SLIDE LONG WOODEN POLES THROUGH GOLD CARRYING-RINGS AND SLOWLY LIFT FROM INSIDE THE ALTAR, A TREASURE UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES FOR A MILLENNIUM...



...THE LOST ARK OF THE COVENANT!

IT IS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT
TO PLACE THE ARK GENTLY WITHIN
THE WOODEN CRATE.



OKAY, BOYS,
HOIST AWAY!

...BUT
WARN
YOUR MEN,
SALLAH, NOT
TO TOUCH
THE ARK
ITSELF

NEVER
TOUCH IT!



WASTE NO
TIME, INDY.
THE FIRE'S
ALMOST
OUT.

SNAKES!
WHY DID
IT HAVE
TO BE
SNAKES?



HURRY
UP,
SALLAH!



I THINK
WE'VE WORN
OUT OUR
WELCOME!



BUT AS INDY GIVES
THE ROPE A SHARP
TUG...

...IT FALLS
INTO THE
WELL!

WHAT
THE--!



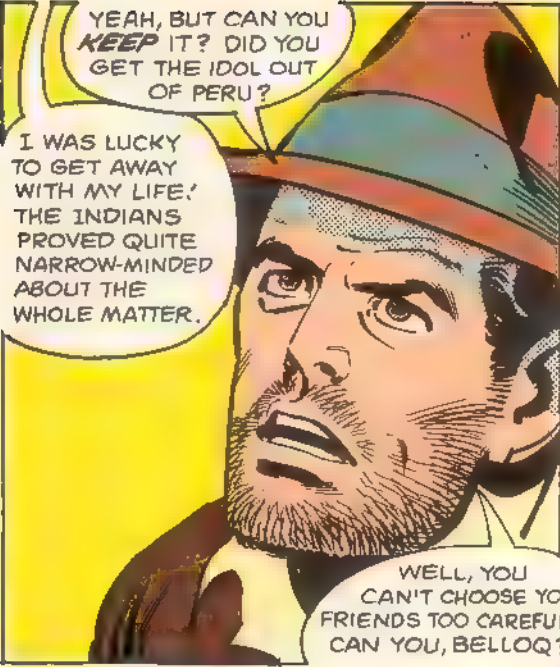
WHY, DR. JONES, WHATEVER ARE YOU
DOING IN SUCH A NASTY PLACE?

WHY DON'T YOU
FELLOWS DROP
DOWN?

I'LL
SHOW
YOU

NO THANKS.
WE ARE
QUITE COM-
FORTABLE
WHERE
WE ARE.

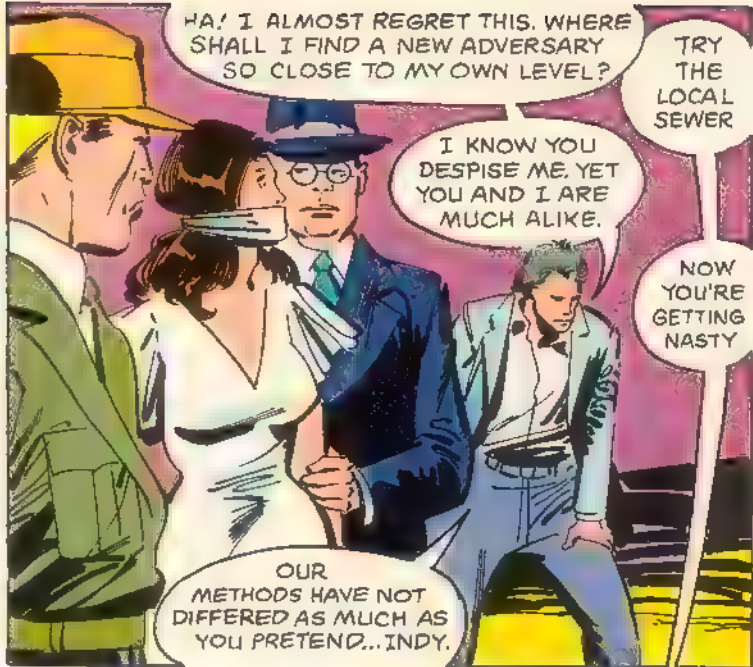
THANKS TO
AN ALERT
SENTRY SPY-
ING UNUSUAL
ACTIVITY
OUT HERE.
AND
ONCE AGAIN,
DR. JONES...
WHAT WAS
BRIEFLY YOURS,
IS NOW MINE.



YEAH, BUT CAN YOU **KEEP** IT? DID YOU GET THE IDOL OUT OF PERU?

I WAS LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH MY LIFE! THE INDIANS PROVED QUITE NARROW-MINDED ABOUT THE WHOLE MATTER.

WELL, YOU CAN'T CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS TOO CAREFULLY, CAN YOU, BELLOQ?



HA! I ALMOST REGRET THIS. WHERE SHALL I FIND A NEW ADVERSARY SO CLOSE TO MY OWN LEVEL?

TRY THE LOCAL SEWER

I KNOW YOU DESPISE ME. YET YOU AND I ARE MUCH ALIKE.

NOW YOU'RE GETTING NASTY

OUR METHODS HAVE NOT DIFFERED AS MUCH AS YOU PRETEND... INDY.



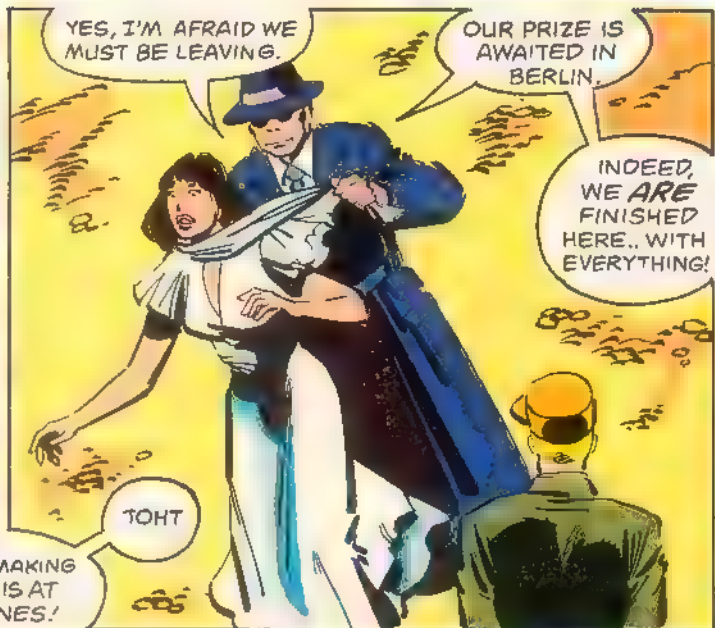
I AM A SHADOWY REFLECTION OF YOU... A MERE **NUDGE** WOULD PUSH YOU FROM THE LIGHT AND MAKE US BOTH THE **SAME**.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE ARK IS?

IT IS A **TRANS-MITTER** FOR TALKING TO GOD!

IF IT'S GOD YOU WANT TO TALK TO... LET ME ARRANGE IT.

YOUR TIME FOR MAKING ARRANGEMENTS IS AT AN **END**, DR. JONES!



YES, I'M AFRAID WE MUST BE LEAVING.

OUR PRIZE IS AWAITED IN BERLIN.

INDEED, WE **ARE** FINISHED HERE.. WITH EVERYTHING!

TOHT



BUT WE DO NOT WISH TO LEAVE YOU DOWN IN THAT AWFUL PLACE, DR. JONES.

ALL ALONE!

NO!!

TOHT!

AND BEFORE
INDY'S HORRIFIED
EYES, MARION
PLUNGES INTO
THE WELL OF
SOULS!

NOOOOOOO!

THE TORCHES
AND THE OIL
ARE NEARLY
BURNED OUT.

AND IT'S
A THIRTY-
FOOT DROP!

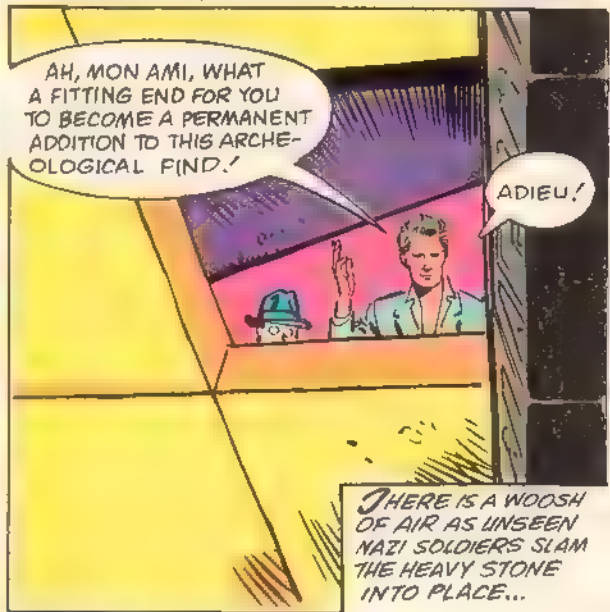


BRACING HIMSELF FOR THE SHOCK, INDY GRITS HIS TEETH AND...

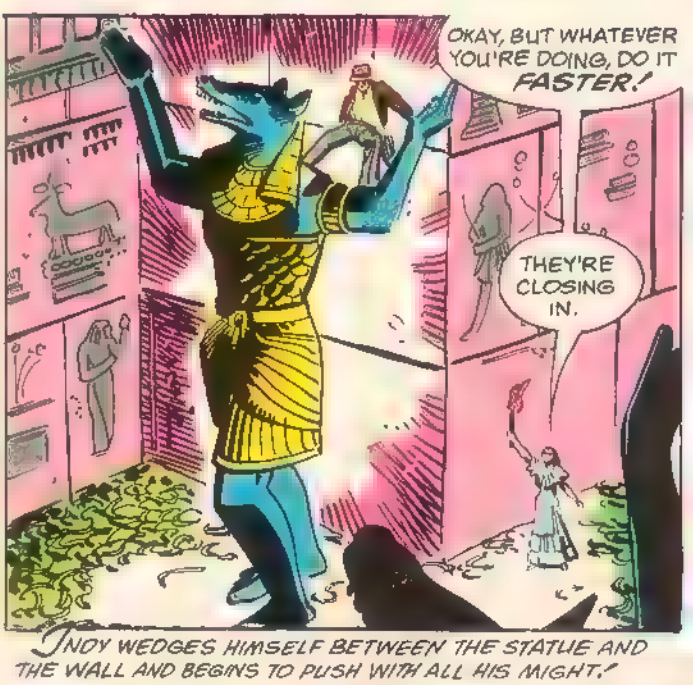
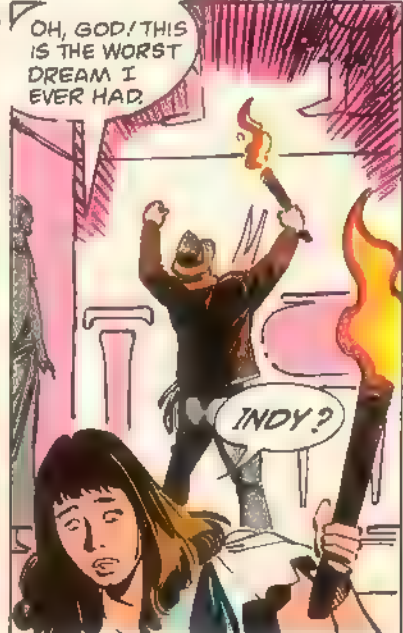


DOESN'T QUITE TUMBLE BACK INTO THE WRITHING MASS OF SNAKES...

WHILE ABOVE, INDY'S PROFESSIONAL RIVAL, RENÉ BELLOQ, WATCHES THE SCENE PITILESSLY



... AND THE WELL OF THE SOULS IS SEALED ONCE MORE FOR ETERNITY!



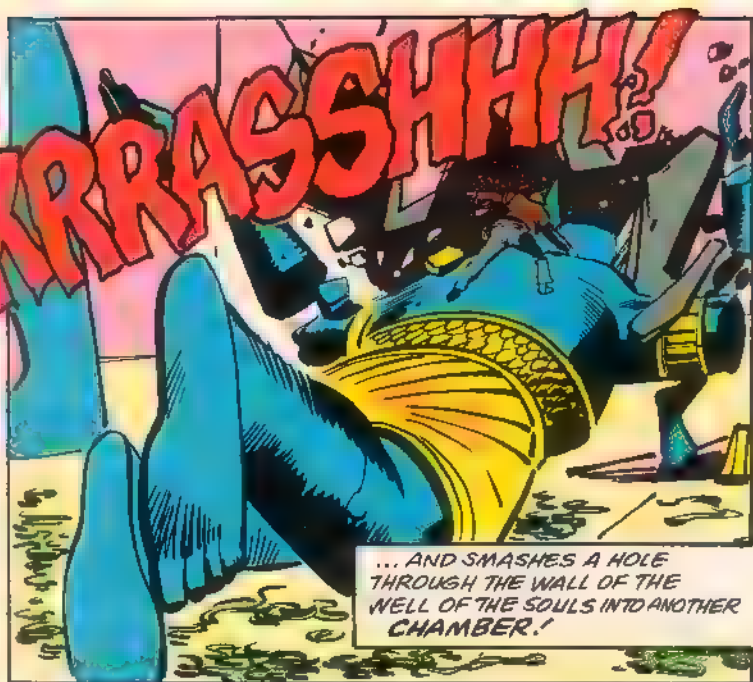
INDY WEDGES HIMSELF BETWEEN THE STATUE AND THE WALL AND BEGINS TO PUSH WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

... AND THEN, EVER SO SLOWLY, AMID A SHOWER OF DUST AND PULVERIZED STONE...

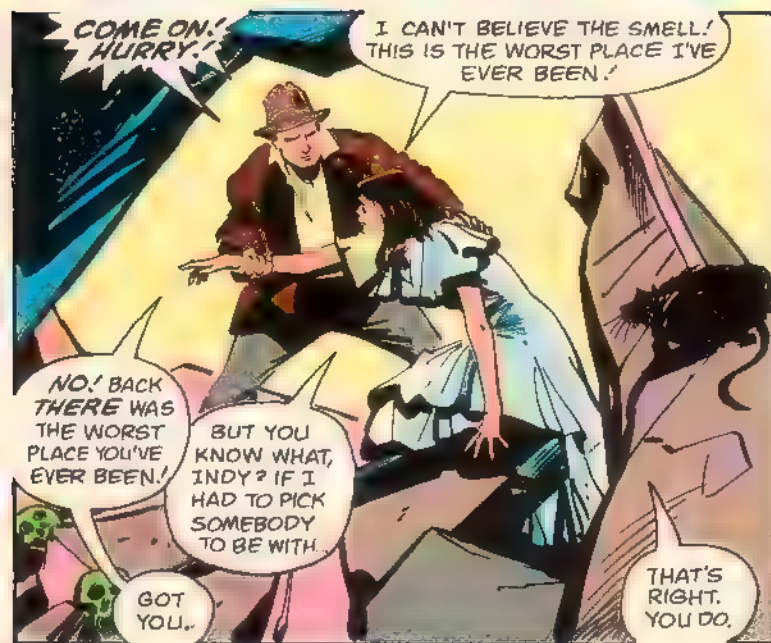


...THE STATUE BEGINS TO TOPPLE FORWARD...

MARION! STAND CLEAR!



... AND SMASHES A HOLE THROUGH THE WALL OF THE WELL OF THE SOULS INTO ANOTHER CHAMBER!



COME ON! HURRY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THE SMELL! THIS IS THE WORST PLACE I'VE EVER BEEN!

NO! BACK THERE WAS THE WORST PLACE YOU'VE EVER BEEN!

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT, INDY? IF I HAD TO PICK SOMEBODY TO BE WITH...

GOT YOU...

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU DO.

MINUTES PASS AS THEY THREAD THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ANCIENT CHAMBERS...



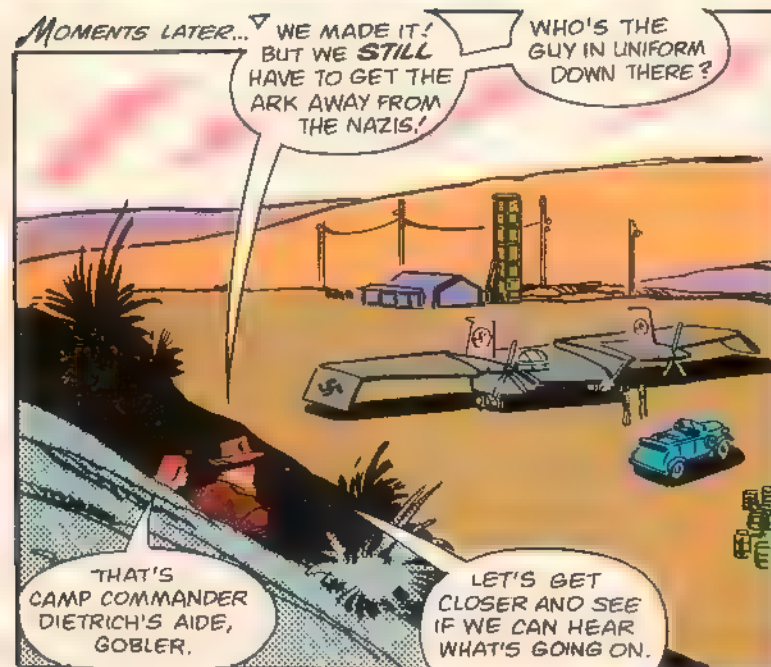
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

ABSOLUTELY!

THANK GOD! WHERE?

OUT!

LOOK! SUNLIGHT!



MOMENTS LATER...

WE MADE IT! BUT WE STILL HAVE TO GET THE ARK AWAY FROM THE NAZIS!

WHO'S THE GUY IN UNIFORM DOWN THERE?

THAT'S CAMP COMMANDER DIETRICH'S AIDE, GOBLER.

LET'S GET CLOSER AND SEE IF WE CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON.



GET THE FLYING WING GASSED IMMEDIATELY!

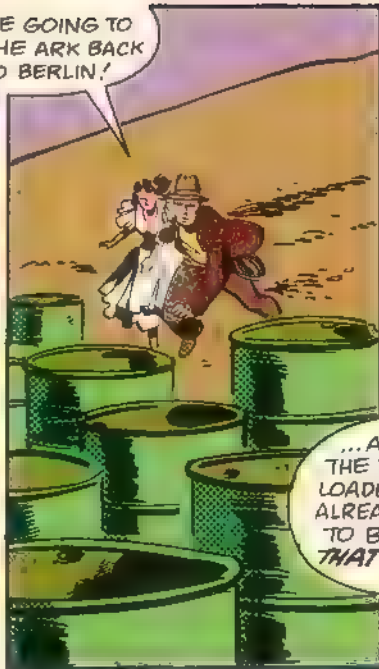
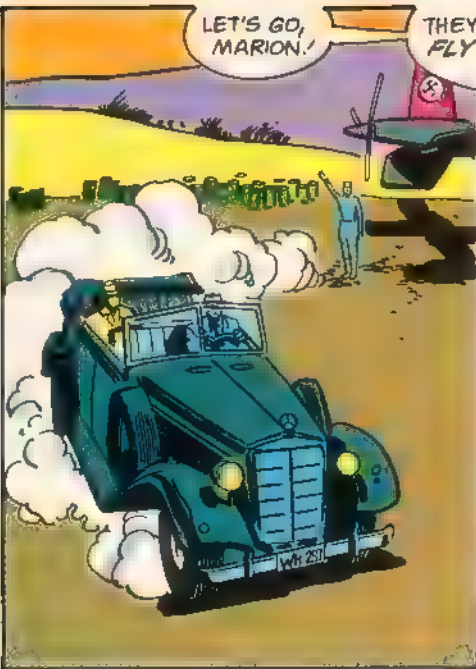
IT HAS AN IMPORTANT CARGO TO TAKE OUT!

SWASTIKA

JAWOHL, MEIN HERR.

LET'S GO,
MARION!

THEY'RE GOING TO
FLY THE ARK BACK
TO BERLIN!



VAGUELY, NOW LET'S PULL THESE GUYS OUT OF SIGHT AND GET ABOARD...

YOU .

INDY, LOOK OUT!

... BUT THE GERMAN COLLAPSES, SQUEEZING OFF A WILD SHOT AS HE DOES SO...

BAM!

PA-WANG!

STILL, HE COULD NOT HAVE PICKED A BETTER TARGET FOR ATTRACTING ATTENTION IF HE'D STAYED CONSCIOUS...

... FOR, A MOMENT LATER...

THE PLANE!

BARROOOM!

SABOTAGE!

WE MUST GET THE ARK AWAY FROM THIS PLACE IMMEDIATELY.

HAVE IT PUT ON THE TRUCK WE'LL FLY OUT OF CAIRO.

AND GOBLER, I WANT PLENTY OF PROTECTION.

YES, SIR!

AS THE CAMP BEGINS TO BREAK UP, SALLAH GOES TO COLLECT HIS MEN.

SUDDENLY.

URX!

INDY! MARION! HOLY SMOKE, MY FRIENDS! I AM SO PLEASED YOU ARE NOT DEAD!

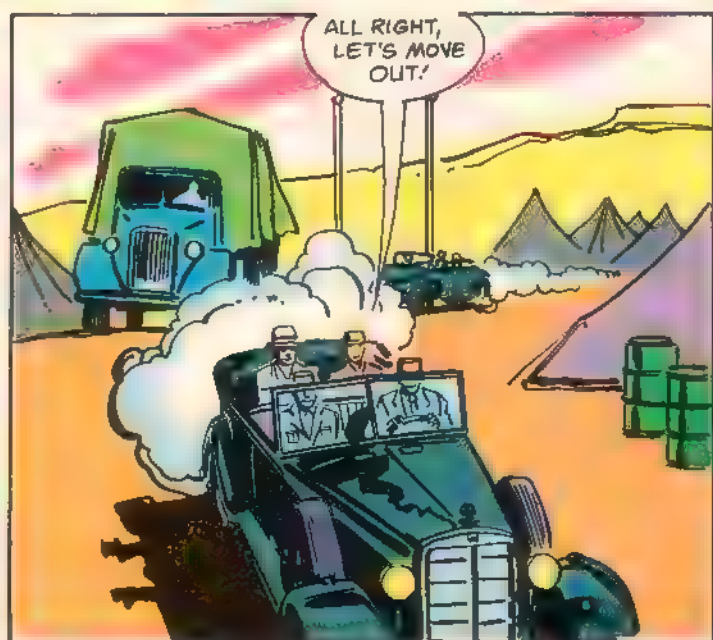
US, TOO!

HOW COME DIETRICH AND HIS BOYS DIDN'T SIGN YOU OFF AT THE WELL WHEN THEY FOUND YOU?

A GLIB TONGUE.

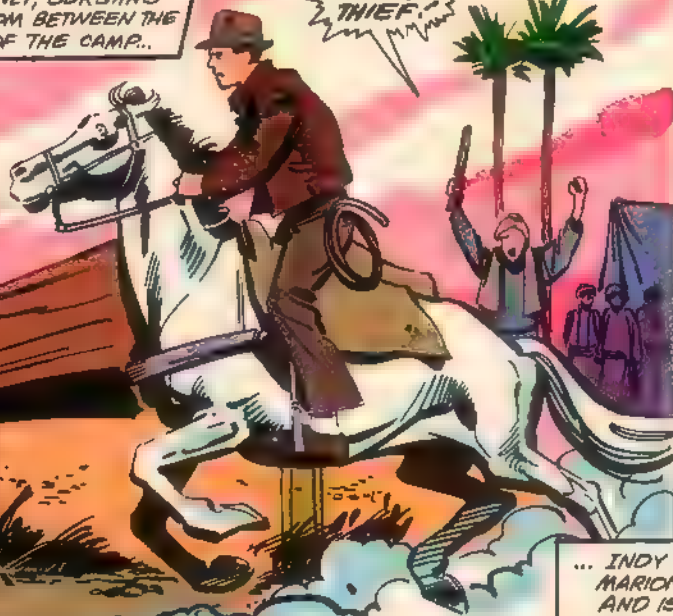
I PERSUADED THEM YOU HAD DUPED US BY POSING AS A GERMAN.

AFTER ALL, WE ARE BUT SIMPLE ARABS.



SUDDENLY, BURSTING
OUT FROM BETWEEN THE
TENTS OF THE CAMP...

STOP
THIEF!



... INDY BLOWS
MARION A KISS
AND IS GONE!

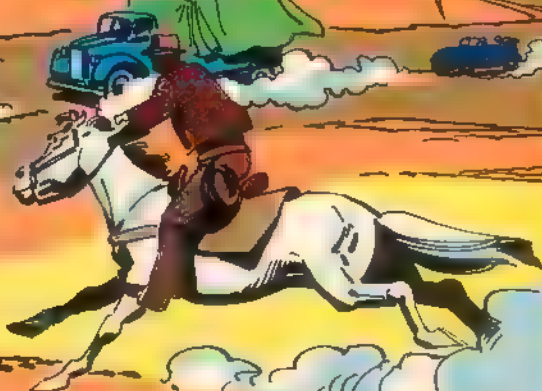
TERRITORY'S GETTING
PRETTY RUGGED, AND
THAT ROAD'S WINDING
AROUND A LOT.

IF I CUT
ACROSS COUNTRY,
MAYBE I
CAN HEAD
'EM OFF.



... AT
THE
PASS!

LOOK!



IT'S JONES.
HE'S ALIVE!

AND HE'S
AFTER THE
ARK!

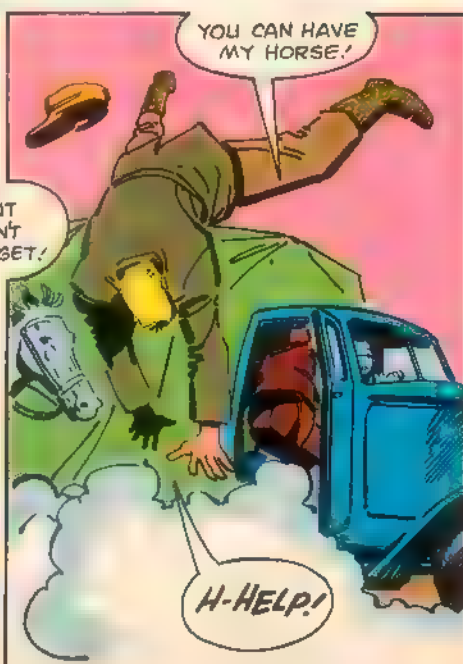


END OF THE LINE,
CHUM! I NEED
YOUR TRUCK!

BUT
DON'T
FORGET!

YOU CAN HAVE
MY HORSE!

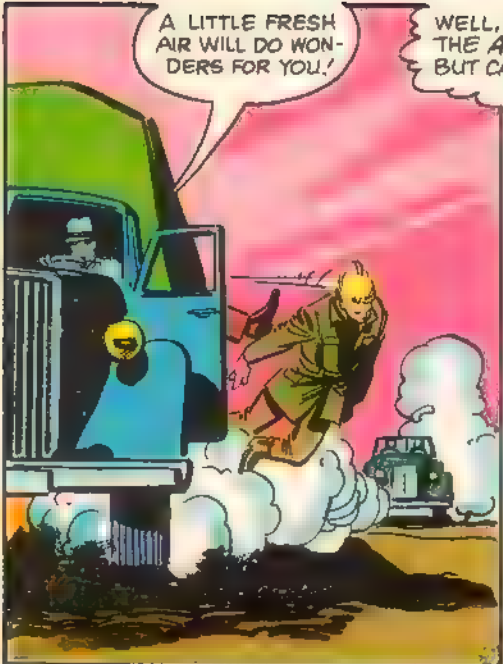
H-HELP!



YOU LOOK
BUSHED,
FRITZ!

SOKK!





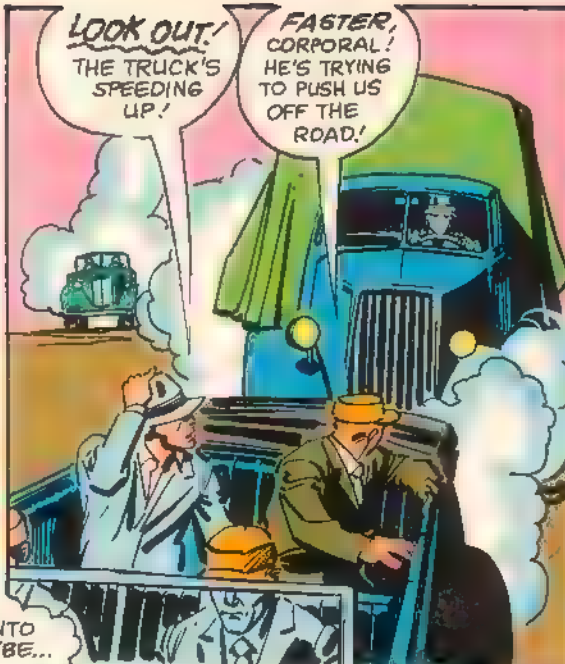
A LITTLE FRESH AIR WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU!

WELL, I'VE GOT THE ARK AGAIN! BUT CAN I KEEP IT?

I'LL HAVE TO SHAKE THESE TWO CARS, SOMEHOW!



BUT WE'RE CLIMBING INTO THE HILLS, MAYBE...



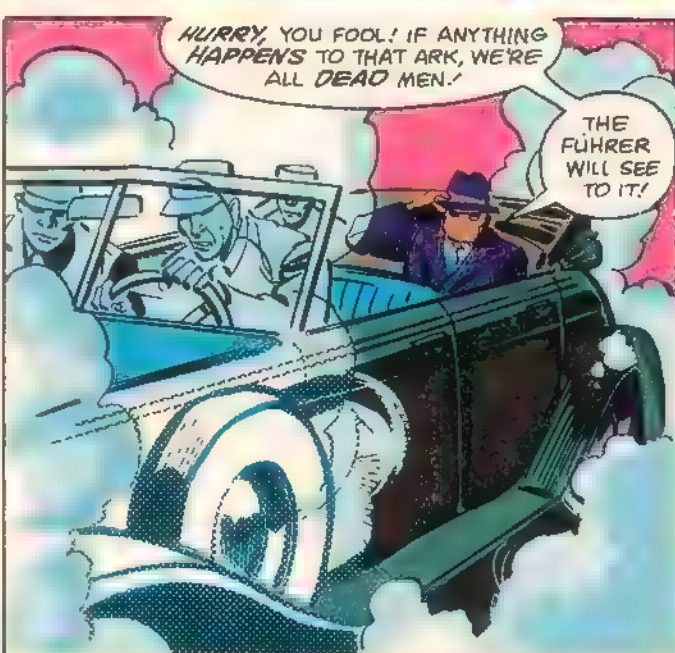
LOOK OUT! THE TRUCK'S SPEEDING UP!

FASTER, CORPORAL! HE'S TRYING TO PUSH US OFF THE ROAD!



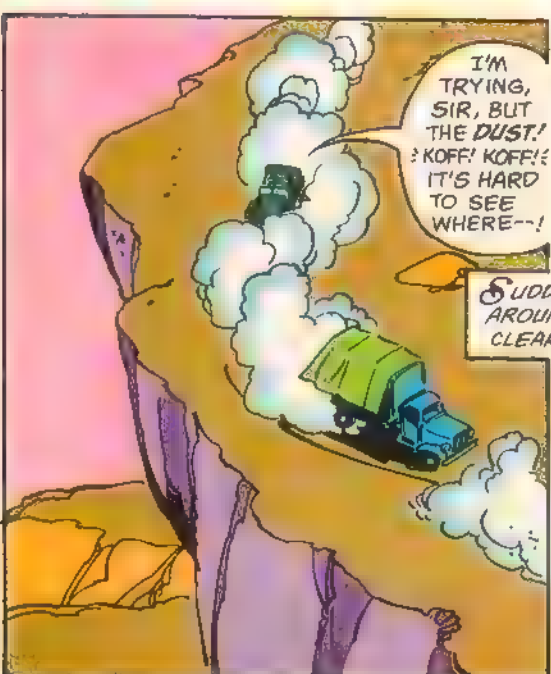
STAY IN FRONT OF HIM!

MAYBE TOHT CAN PULL ALONG SIDE THE TRUCK AND GET HIM!



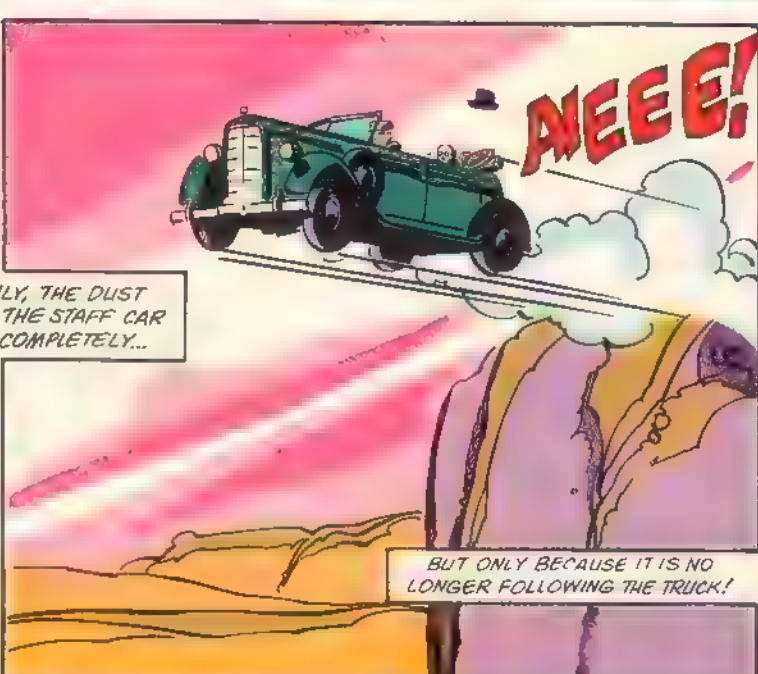
HURRY, YOU FOOL! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT ARK, WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN!

THE FUHRER WILL SEE TO IT!



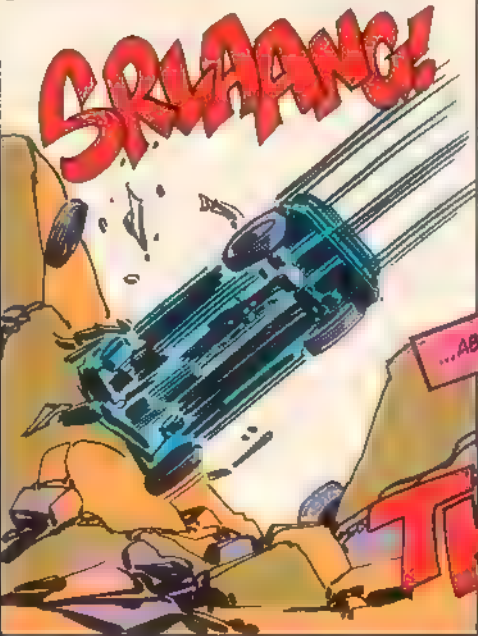
I'M TRYING, SIR, BUT THE DUST! KOFF! KOFF! IT'S HARD TO SEE WHERE---

SUDDENLY, THE DUST AROUND THE STAFF CAR CLEARS COMPLETELY...

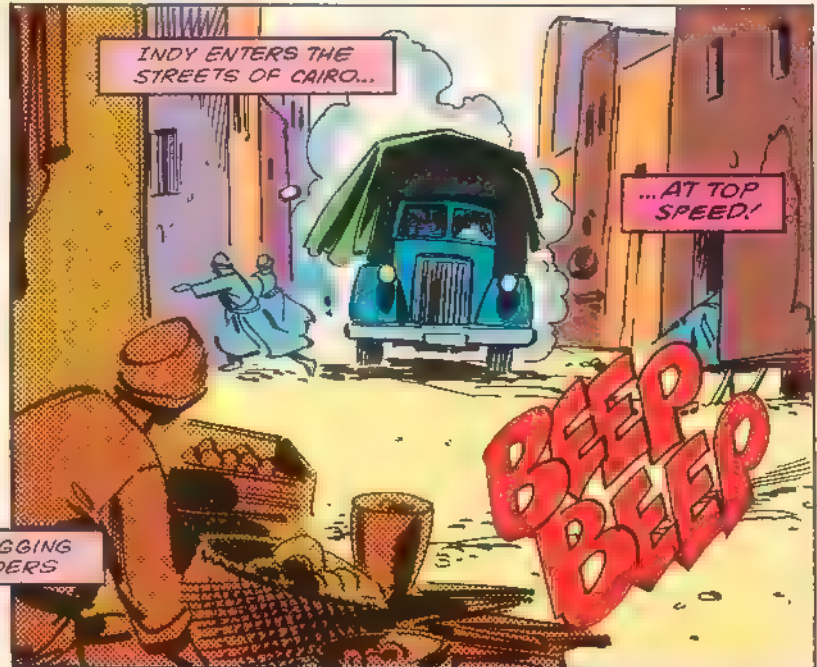
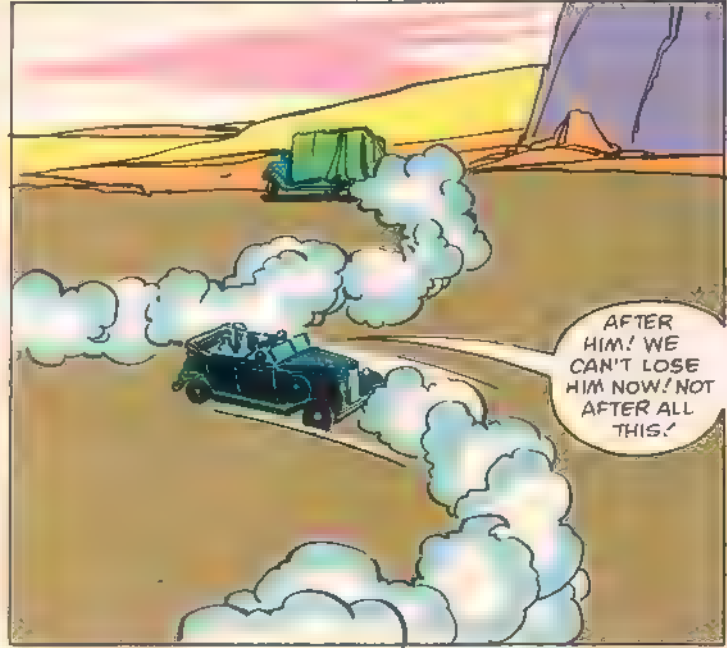
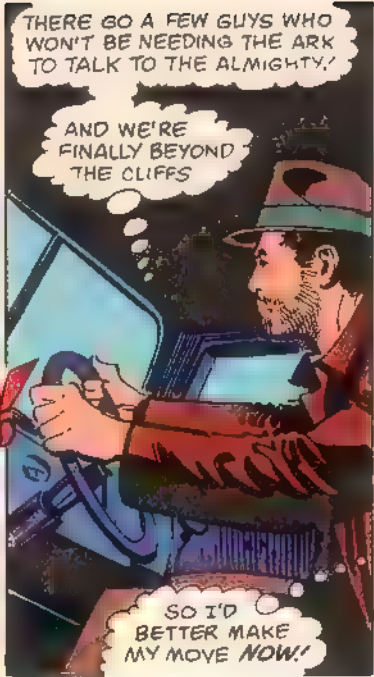


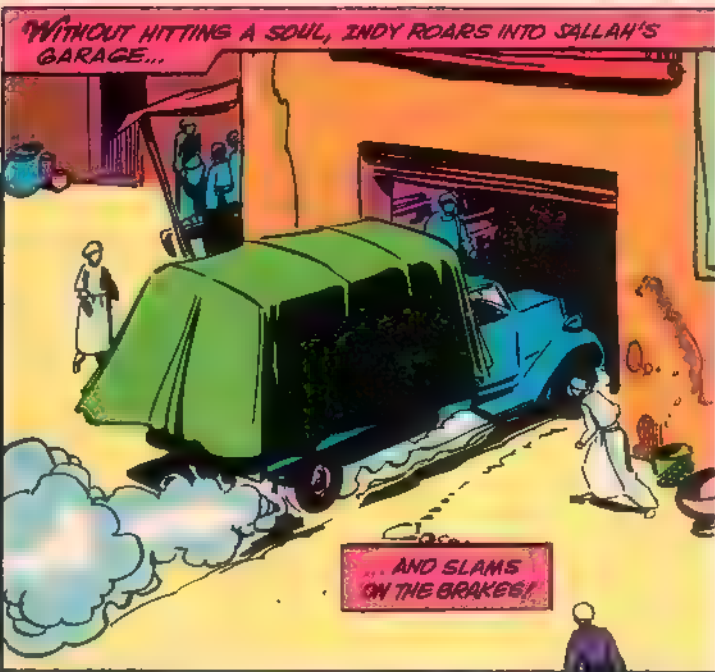
BUT ONLY BECAUSE IT IS NO LONGER FOLLOWING THE TRUCK!

THE SCREAMS STOP AS THE CAR DOES...



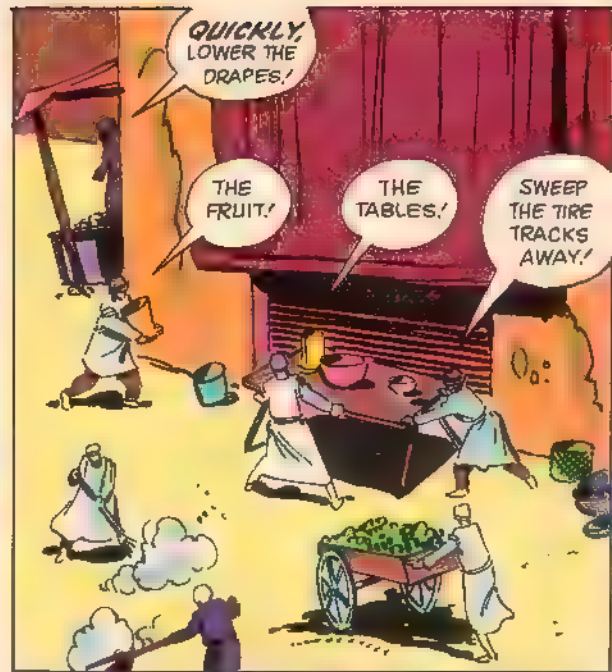
...ABRUPTLY!





WITHOUT HITTING A SOUL, INDY ROARS INTO SALLAH'S GARAGE...

AND SLAMS ON THE BRAKES!

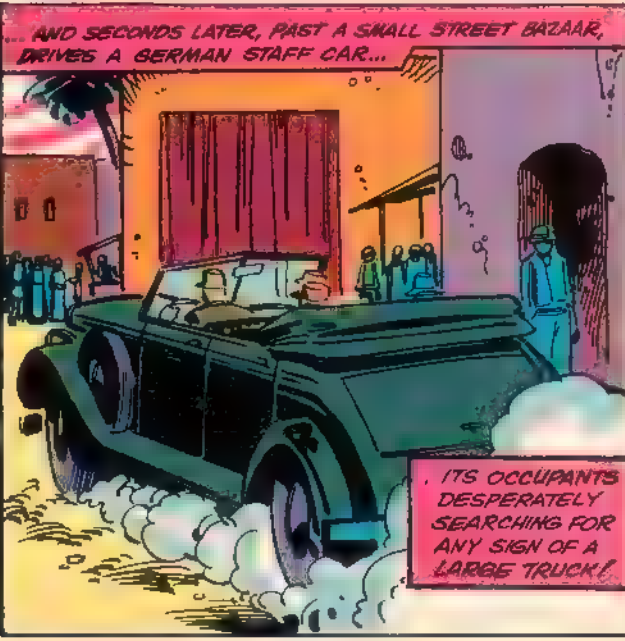


QUICKLY, LOWER THE DRAPES!

THE FRUIT!

THE TABLES!

SWEEP THE TIRE TRACKS AWAY!



AND SECONDS LATER, PAST A SMALL STREET BAZAAR, DRIVES A GERMAN STAFF CAR...

ITS OCCUPANTS DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR ANY SIGN OF A LARGE TRUCK!

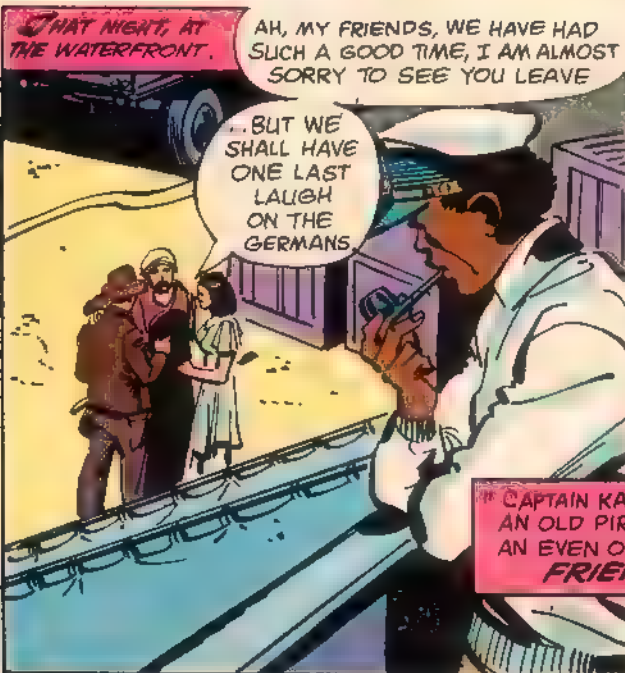


INCROYABLE WE HAVE LOST HIM!

...AND THE ARK!

FOR NOW, PERHAPS, BUT IT'S A LONG WAY TO ENGLAND.

OUR TURN MAY COME AGAIN.



THAT NIGHT, AT THE WATERFRONT.

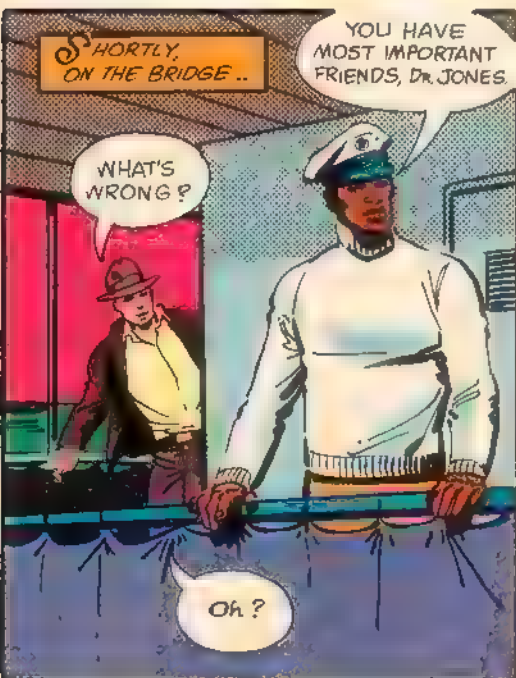
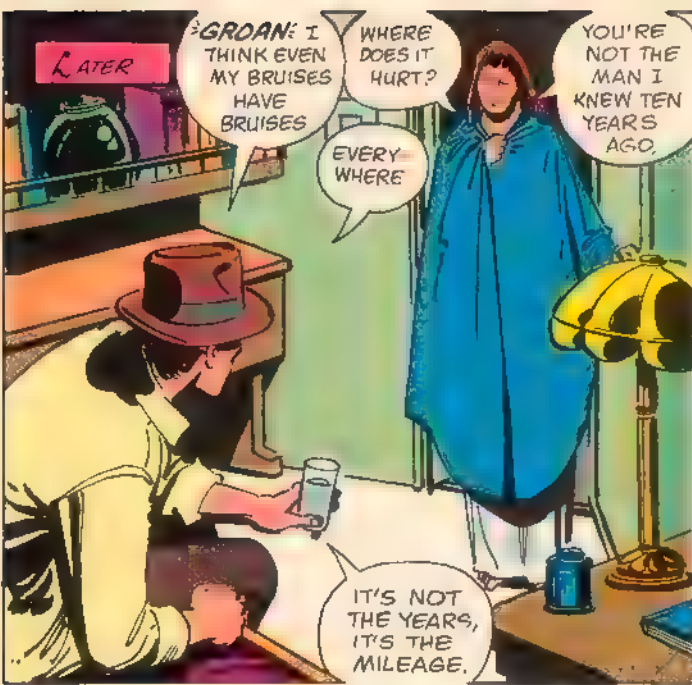
AH, MY FRIENDS, WE HAVE HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME, I AM ALMOST SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE

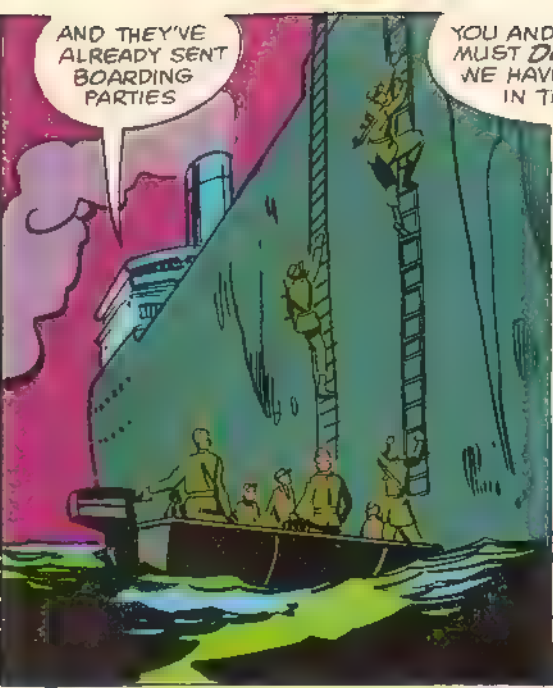
...BUT WE SHALL HAVE ONE LAST LAUGH ON THE GERMANS

CAPTAIN KATANGA IS AN OLD PIRATE AND AN EVEN OLDER FRIEND...



"HIS SHIP, THE 'BANTU WIND' WILL CARRY YOU WHERE YOU WISH TO GO..."





AND THEY'VE
ALREADY SENT
BOARDING
PARTIES

YOU AND THE GIRL
MUST *DISAPPEAR*.
WE HAVE A PLACE
IN THE HOLD.



GO, MY
FRIEND.

I'M
ON MY
WAY

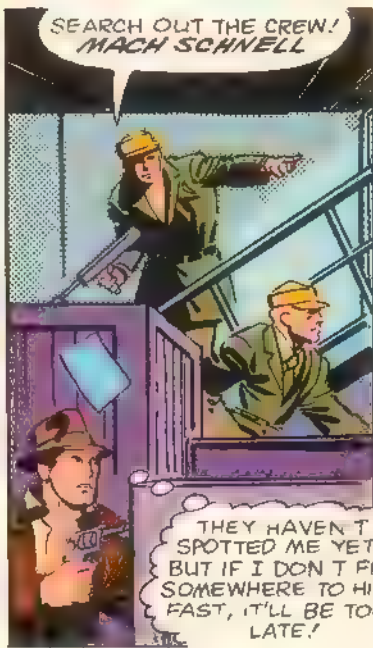


TOO LATE!
THE NAZIS ARE
ALREADY ABOARD



... AND THEY'VE
GOT MARION.

LET GO
OF ME, YOU
BUMS!



SEARCH OUT THE CREW!
MACH SCHNELL

THEY HAVEN'T
SPOTTED ME YET,
BUT IF I DON'T FIND
SOMEWHERE TO HIDE
FAST, IT'LL BE TOO
LATE!



MY MEN REPORT
THAT THE ARK IS
ABOARD AND
SAFELY CRATED

WHAT
ABOUT
JONES?



NOT A TRACE
YET, SIR. ONLY
THE GIRL

JONES
IS
DEAD.

DEAD?



HARD TO
BELIEVE,
CAPTAIN

WE KILLED HIM. HE WAS OF NO USE
TO US. THE GIRL, HOWEVER, WILL
BRING A GOOD PRICE WHERE WE
ARE HEADED.

SINCE YOU'VE TAKEN
OUR CARGO, IT
WOULD REDUCE OUR LOSS
IF YOU LEAVE HER BEHIND.

TAKE THE ARK
ABOARD THE
WURFLER

AND BE VERY
CAREFUL

AS FOR THE GIRL, *SAVAGE*,
HER FATE IS *OURS* TO DECIDE.
WE WILL TAKE WHAT WE WISH.

AND THEN DECIDE
WHETHER TO BLOW
YOUR SHIP FROM
THE WATER.

THE
GIRL,
COLONEL
DIETRICH,
GOES WITH
ME.

IF SHE FAILS TO
PLEASE ME, YOU
CAN DO WITH HER
AS YOU WISH

VERY WELL,
BELLOQ CON-
SIDER IT PART
OF YOUR COM-
PENSATION. I'M
SURE THE FÜH-
RER WOULD
APPROVE

WHAT ABOUT
THE STEAMER,
SIR?

LET THE
SHIP GO.

THE
PRIZE
IS OURS
AND WE
ARE NOT
AT WAR
YET.

... AND THE HATCH CLOSES
OVER DIETRICH'S HEAD AS THE
SUBMARINE BEGINS TO MOVE

BUT THE U-BOAT STILL HAS ONE MORE
PASSENGER TO PICK UP

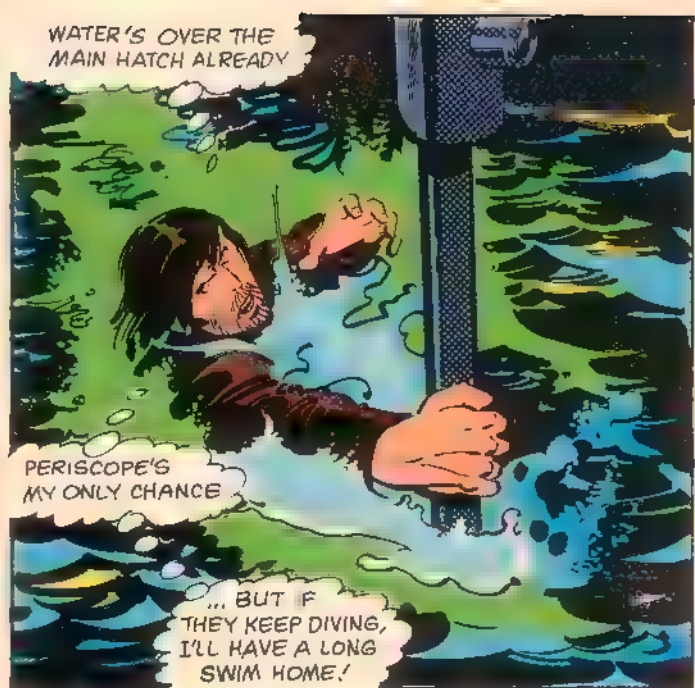
MADE IT
JUST IN
TIME.

BUT I THINK
I'VE LOST MY
HAT FOR GOOD



UH-OH! SHE'S BEGINNING TO SUBMERGE!

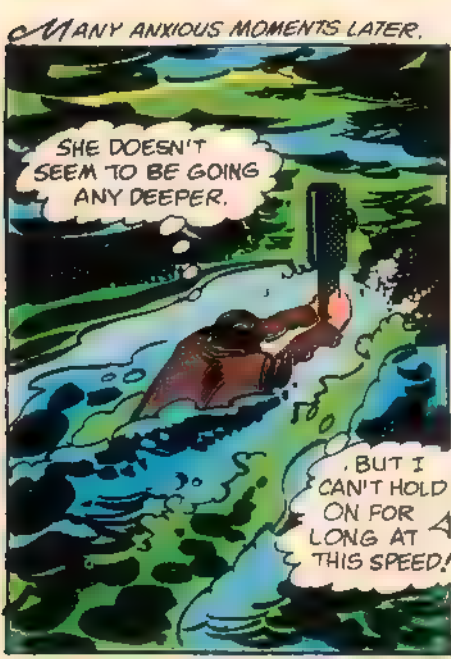
I WONDER IF THIS WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA.



WATER'S OVER THE MAIN HATCH ALREADY

PERISCOPE'S MY ONLY CHANCE

... BUT IF THEY KEEP DIVING, I'LL HAVE A LONG SWIM HOME!



SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GOING ANY DEEPER.

BUT I CAN'T HOLD ON FOR LONG AT THIS SPEED!



GOTTA USE MY WHIP!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LASH MYSELF TO THE SCOPE AND KEEP MY HEAD ABOVE WATER.



THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE AS BAD AS I FEARED



TIME PASSES...

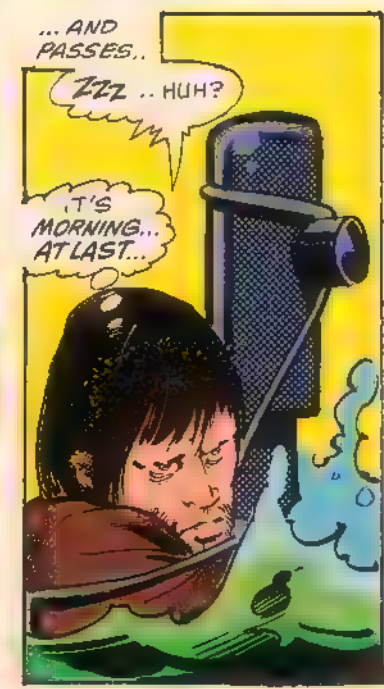
IT'S WORSE!

THE WHIP'S CUTTING ME TO RIBBONS! WAS THAT A SHARK FIN?



... AND PASSES ...

Zzzzzzzzz



... AND PASSES...

Zzz ... HUH?

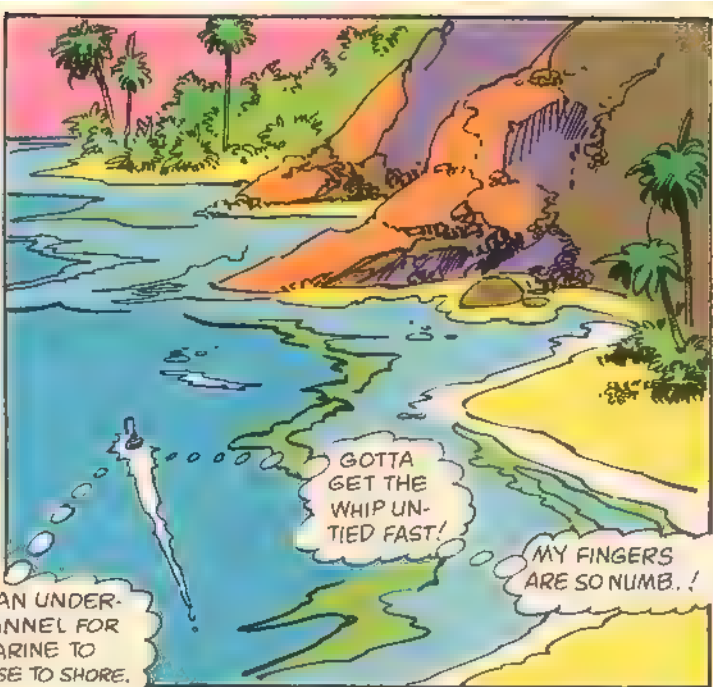
IT'S MORNING... AT LAST...



AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE FINALLY ARRIVED

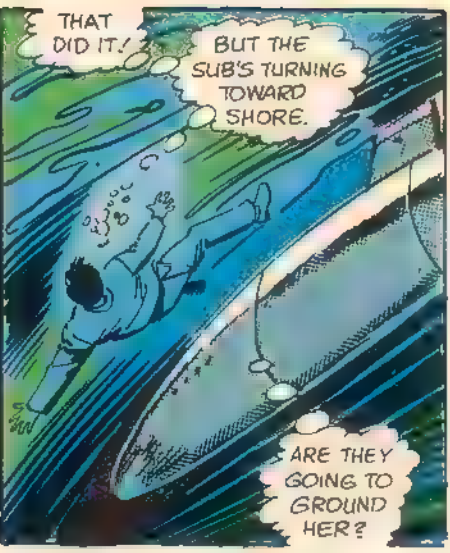
THE SUB'S GOING DOWN..

MUST BE AN UNDER-WATER CHANNEL FOR THE SUBMARINE TO GET SO CLOSE TO SHORE.



GOTTA GET THE WHIP UNTIED FAST!

MY FINGERS ARE SO NUMB..!



THAT DID IT!

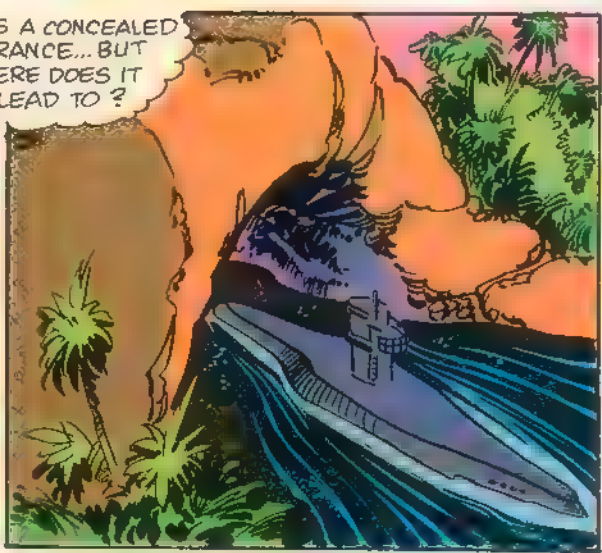
BUT THE SUB'S TURNING TOWARD SHORE.

ARE THEY GOING TO GROUND HER?

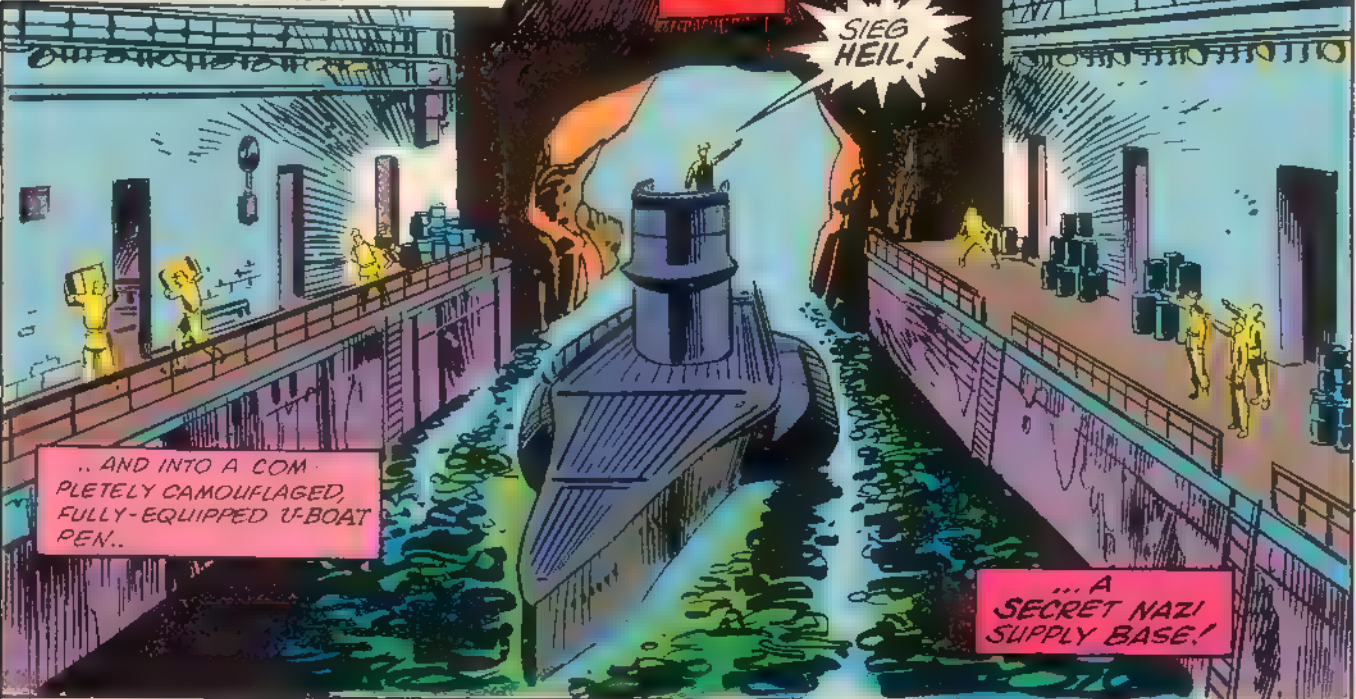


HOLY..!

IT'S A CONCEALED ENTRANCE... BUT WHERE DOES IT LEAD TO?



AS INDY WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT, THE WÜRRFLER GLIDES SMOOTHLY THROUGH THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE.



SIEG HEIL!

.. AND INTO A COMPLETELY CAMOUFLAGED, FULLY-EQUIPPED U-BOAT PEN..

... A SECRET NAZI SUPPLY BASE!

AS THE CRATE CARRYING THE ARK IS OFF-LOADED,

WE RADIOED AHEAD
THE ALTAR IS BEING
PREPARED IN ACCORDANCE
WITH YOUR INSTRUCTIONS

EXCELLENT
COLONEL
DIETRICH.

HAVE THE
ARK BROUGHT
UP WHEN THE
ALTAR IS
READY.

AND
THE
GIRL?

LOOKS AS
THOUGH I MAY
BE JUST IN TIME.

I SAID IF SHE
FAILED TO PLEASE
ME, YOU COULD DO
WITH HER WHAT
YOU WISH

SHE IS
YOURS

VERY
WELL

NOW I
MUST PREPARE
MYSELF.

I AM UNCOMFORTABLE
WITH THE THOUGHT OF THIS--
JEWISH RITUAL ARE
YOU **SURE** IT'S NECESSARY?

LET ME ASK
YOU THIS,
COLONEL.

WOULD YOU RATHER
OPEN THE ARK IN
BERLIN-- FOR THE
FÜHRER-- AND
LEARN, ONLY THEN,
IF THE SACRED
PIECES OF THE
COVENANT ARE
INSIDE?

DIETRICH
SCOWLS AND
SAYS NOTHING.

TEN MINUTES LATER, BELLOQ EMERGES FROM
THE TENT.

TRANSFORMED!

NOW, COLONEL
DIETRICH HAVE
THE ARK PLACED
UPON THE ALTAR

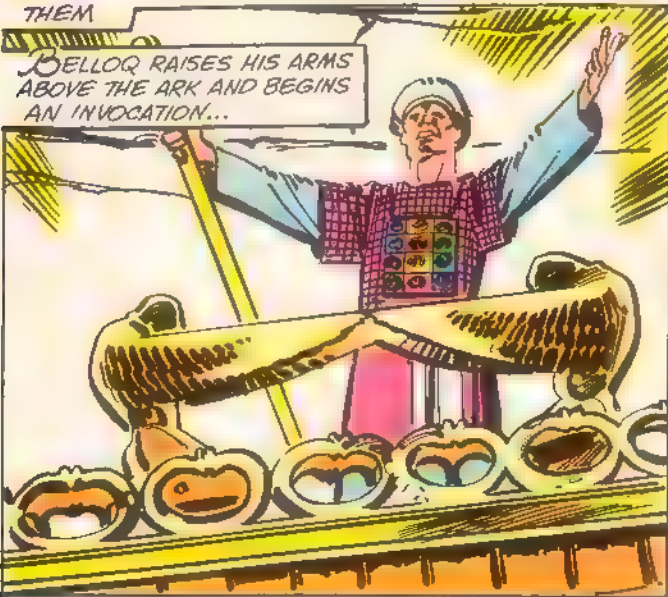
ALL...IS
READY

THE SUN IS SETTING,
BUT THE FIERY LIGHT
IN BELLOQ'S EYES
SURROUNDS HIM WITH
RADIANCE...

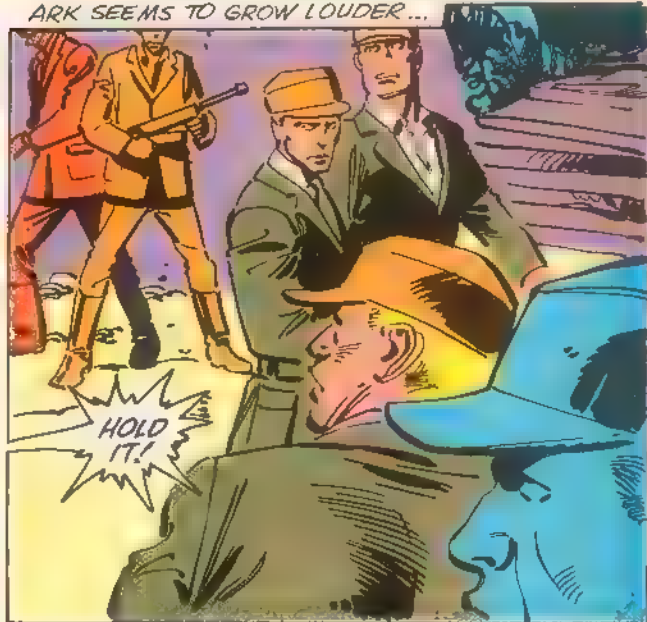
AND IN THE SILENCE OF THE
CAMP THE ARK SEEMS TO
HUM WITH SUPPRESSED
ENERGY AS IT IS BROUGHT
FORWARD.

ACTIVITY IN THE CAMP CEASES, AS THE SOLDIERS ARE DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY TOWARD THE ALTAR TO WITNESS THE STRANGE RITUAL UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM

BELLOQ RAISES HIS ARMS ABOVE THE ARK AND BEGINS AN INVOCATION...



UNEASY MURMURS OF "JUDEN" PASS AMONG THE GERMANS, BUT EVEN AS THE HUM SURROUNDING THE ARK SEEMS TO GROW LOUDER...



ONE MOVE FROM ANYBODY AND I BLOW THAT BOX BACK TO MOSES!

JONES, YOUR PERSISTENCE AMazes EVEN ME YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE MERCENARIES A BAD NAME!



DOCTOR JONES, SURELY YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN ESCAPE FROM THIS ISLAND.

THAT DEPENDS ON HOW REASONABLE WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE!



ALL I WANT IS THE GIRL!

WE'LL HOLD THE ARK TILL WE'VE GOT SAFE TRANSPORT TO ENGLAND

REFUSE AND WE'LL ALL GO UP IN A BIG BANG!



YOU'VE GOT FIVE SECONDS TO-
URK!

GRAB HIM!



JONES, THIS IS THE SECOND TIME I HAVE SEEN YOU LOOKING VERY FOOLISH.

I'M TRYING TO BREAK THE HABIT.

I'LL HELP YOU PERSONALLY

NO, WAIT!

COLONEL DIETRICH, THIS MAN HAS BEEN AN IRRITATION TO ME FOR MANY YEARS. WHEN HE DIES, I WILL BE THE MOST PLEASED MAN HERE.

HEY, I LIKE YOU, TOO.

BUT, PLEASE.

... A MOMENT'S FOR-BEARANCE. I WOULD LIKE HIM TO **SEE** HIS FINAL DEFEAT

INSIDE THIS HOLY RELIC ARE ANCIENT TREASURES BEYOND HIS **WILDEST** ASPIRATIONS!

I ASK THAT HE BE BOUND SO THAT WHEN I **OPEN** THE ARK AT LAST AND **REVEAL** ITS **CONTENTS**, THEY WILL BE **HIDDEN** FROM HIS VIEW! AT THAT MOMENT, **KILL HIM!**

DO ME A FAVOR AND KILL ME NOW!

THE PURITY OF YOUR HATRED, GENTLEMEN, IS AN INSPIRATION TO US ALL.

TIE HIM UP!

OH, INDY, I'M SO AFRAID.

ME, TOO. THERE'S NEVER BEEN A BETTER TIME FOR IT!

INDY, I **DO** LOVE YOU.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW!

AND I LOVE YOU.

AGAIN, BELLOQ TAKES HIS PLACE BEFORE THE ARK AND BEGINS HIS INVOCATION.

AGAIN, THE HUM EMANATING FROM THE ARK FILLS THE SILENCE AROUND THE CAMP..

AND AGAIN, THE GERMANS FIND THEMSELVES **IRRESISTIBLY** DRAWN TO WATCH THE SPECTACLE BEFORE THEM.

BUT THIS TIME THERE ARE NO INTERRUPTIONS

INDY, THE GLOW... THE **SOUND**... IT'S PULLING AT ME. I... I **CAN'T** LOOK AWAY!

MARION STOP!



His invocation nearly complete Belloq inserts his rod into a notch under the lid of the ark and begins to lift.

The sound from the ark fills the space between heaven and earth.



DON'T LOOK AT IT, MARION!

OH, NO, I MUST! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

DO AS I SAY! MARION!

The desperate cry reaches her through the siren call and slowly, painfully, Marion turns her head away and closes her eyes!



Everyone else stands riveted as the lid of the ark suddenly flies open...

And the night comes alive with a power that is terrible to behold!

FOR THIS IS THE TRUE
ARK OF THE COVENANT...

...THE HOLY
VESSEL CONTAINING
THE STONE FRAG-
MENTS OF THE TEN
COMMANDMENTS
GIVEN UNTO MOSES!

IT IS
GOD'S REPLY..
TO EVIL MEN!

BELLOQ TAKES THE
FULL BRUNT OF THE
UNLEASHED FURY!

HIS EYES
BURN WITH
REVELATION..

... AS THOUGH HE HAS
EXPERIENCED SOME KIND
OF TRANSCENDENTAL
KNOWLEDGE!

THE ISLAND SHAKES BENEATH
THE GROWING HOLOCAUST...

IT IS THE LAST
THING HE WILL
EVER KNOW.

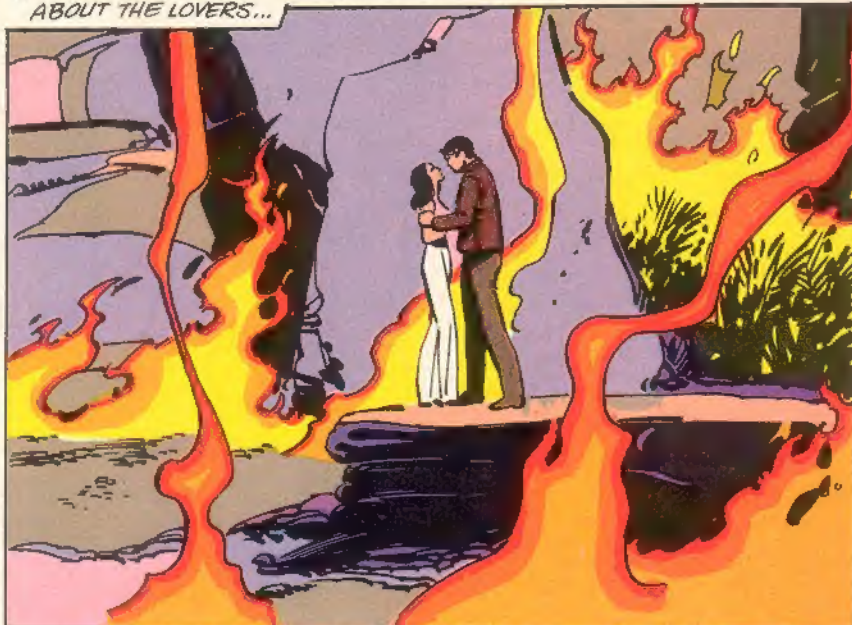
... AND ALL WHO HAVE SEEN THE
ARK AND ITS REVELATION..

.. AND RETURN TO THE EARTH AT LAST!

... PAY THE FULL PRICE
FOR THE KNOWLEDGE
THEY HAVE GAINED...

SUDDENLY...
IT IS OVER...

THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS SCORCHED AND BLASTED BUT FOR THE GROUND
ABOUT THE LOVERS...

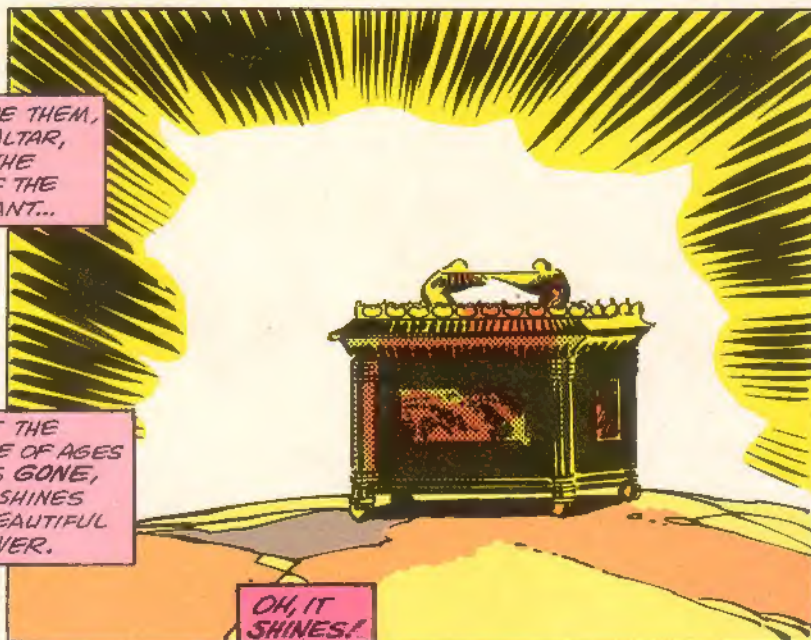


...AND
THEY
ARE
FREE.

BEFORE THEM,
ON THE ALTAR,
RESTS THE
ARK OF THE
COVENANT...

... BUT THE
RESIDUE OF AGES
PAST IS GONE,
AND IT SHINES
MORE BEAUTIFUL
THAN EVER.

OH, IT
SHINES!



SOMETIME LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF COLONEL MUSGROVE
OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C....

YOU'VE DONE
YOUR COUNTRY A
GREAT SERVICE,
DR. JONES...

... AND WE TRUST
YOU FOUND THE
SETTLEMENT
SATISFACTORY?

QUITE, BUT I'D
STILL LIKE TO KNOW
WHEN THE ARK WILL
BE TRANSFERRED
TO THE MUSEUM.

I THOUGHT WE'D
ANSWERED THAT.

IT'S SOMEPLACE
QUITE SAFE--

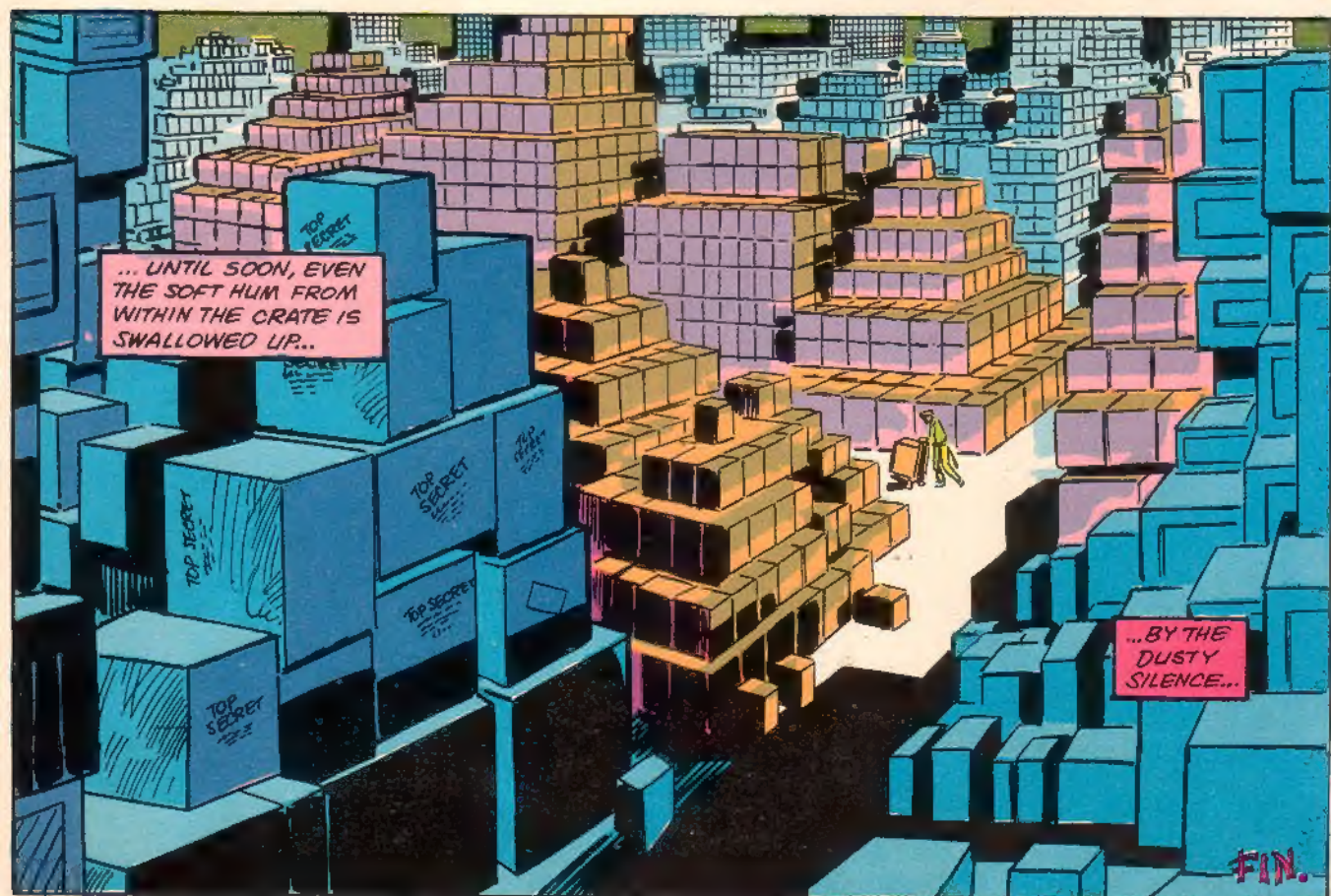
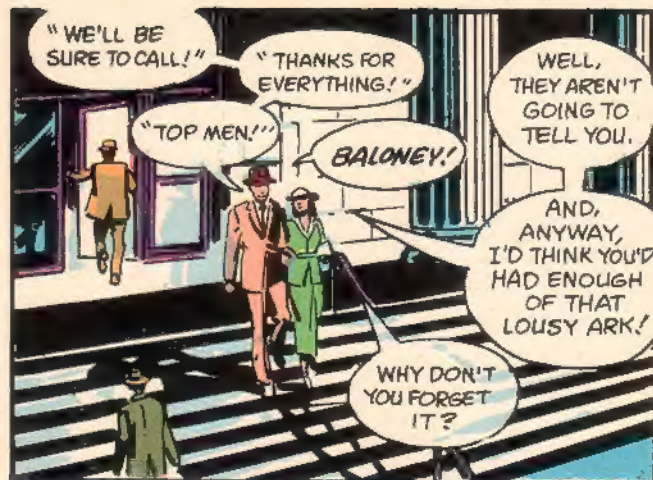
OH, IT WILL BE, DR.
JONES, I ASSURE YOU.
WE HAVE TOP MEN WORK-
ING ON IT RIGHT NOW.

THAT'S A
POWERFUL
FORCE!
RESEARCH
SHOULD BE
DONE--!

WHO?

TOP MEN,
BUT IF WE
NEED HELP, WE'LL
BE SURE TO CALL.





RAIDERS

of the
LOST ARK™

CAST

Indy	HARRISON FORD
Marion	KAREN ALLEN
Dietrich	WOLF KAHLER
Belloq	PAUL FREEMAN
Toht	RONALD LACEY
Sallah	JOHN RHYS-DAVIES
Brody	DENHOLM ELLIOTT
Gobler	ANTHONY HIGGINS
Satipo	ALFRED MOLINA
Barranca	VIC TABLIAN
Col. Musgrove	DON FELLOWS
Major Eaton	WILLIAM HOOTKINS
Bureaucrat	BILL REIMBOLD
Jock	FRED SORENSON
Australian Climber	PATRICK DURKIN
2nd Nazi	MATTHEW SCURFIELD
Ratty Nepalese	MALCOM WEAVER
Mean Mongolian	SONNY CALDINEZ
Mohan	ANTHONY CHINN
Giant Sherpa	PAT ROACH
Otto	CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK
Imam	TUTTE LEMKOW
Omar	ISHAQ BUX
Abu	KIRAN SHAH
Fayah	SOUAD MESSAOUDI
Monkey Man	VIC TABLIAN
Arab Swordsman	TERRY RICHARDS
1st Mechanic	PAT ROACH
German Agent	STEVE HANSON
Pilot	FRANK MARSHALL
Young Soldier	MARTIN KREIDT
Katanga	GEORGE HARRIS
Messenger Pirate	EDDIE TAGOE
Sergeant	JOHN REES
Tall Captain	TONY VOGEL
Peruvian Porter	TED GROSSMAN

PRODUCTION STAFF

Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG
 Produced by FRANK MARSHALL
 Screenplay by LAWRENCE KASDAN
 Story by GEORGE LUCAS and PHILIP KAUFMAN
 Executive Producers GEORGE LUCAS, HOWARD KAZANJIAN
 Music JOHN WILLIAMS
 Editor MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E.
 Associate Producer ROBERT WATTS
 Director of Photography DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE
 Production Design NORMAN REYNOLDS

